

# Macleans

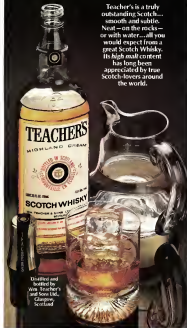


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# Interview

With Peter Ustinov

Peter Ustinov has lived it himself. Sometimes I see myself as the complete gun dog, just twirling with the wind and going with it. Indeed he has been going with the wind for more than 30 years as actor, playwright, novelist, essayist, his prodigious output includes 10 plays, five books, eight screenplays, two operas and starring performances in 20 films. He won Academy Awards for his roles in *Spartacus* in 1960 and *Topkapi* in 1964. He can mimic anything from a British general to a Brooklyn tough woman with ease. He also does a respectable imitation of a 1934 Hispanic Gypsy. Now, at 60, he has written his autobiography, appropriately entitled *Dear Mr. G*. During a brief stop-over on a weekend production tour, Ustinov speaks with John Muggenridge for *Maclean's*.

**Maclean's:** You have an account in your autobiography of life in Hollywood in the late 1930s. Did you think things had changed in the film world of the 1970s?

**Ustinov:** Oh yes. I think everything has changed. Film is a reflection of everything and therefore it must have changed. Certainly there is a very rigid structure of

things in the 1970s and in the 1930s and there were the same problems which were very very important which think goodness is no longer the right because people really demand them. Whereas people had an affair they got married. It had to be a romantic affair of marriage. I think doesn't have a kind of liberating breakthrough. But of course like all liberating breakthroughs it eventually leads to another form of imprisonment. **Maclean's:** You call yourself a "quasi or semi autobiographer." What exactly did you mean by that?

**Ustinov:** I'm not afraid of being alive. And I'm very extremely in that sense. I never knew what the latest trend is. And when people talk about the 1970s, I find it very talked about the 1970s. I find it's really difficult without real application to remember the fashions where certain things occurred and where certain trends began. Trends appear with such slowness. I remember, I don't know those days, that as I used in London I thought there were probably a couple of old speakers in the house who have the most modern in the world without knowing it.

**Maclean's:** I don't think your work has changed with the trends, do you?

**Ustinov:** No. I don't think so at all. I think that is a matter unaffected among. At least that's what I'm always saying. I can't



Muggenridge and Ustinov's period view of what feels more certain really be

hear excessive style. It makes me think. Very often there are certain subjects of great men when I can read for more than five pages without going for a walk and sleeping. The exercise is too rich for me.

**Maclean's:** What do you think about as an expression of modernism?

**Ustinov:** Well, I think that that's rather bad in my days. I suspect that you sit alone by your quarters that it's on its way back again.

**Maclean's:** To give you an example, the American actor C. G. Keene in Canada is refusing to allow non-Canadian to perform on Canadian television.

**Ustinov:** I agree. This kind of reaction from any organization. Very simply because in actual fact a second nationality which is not an actor and sometimes in Europe at least we are beginning to break down these barriers which have existed as far as long. And when we would look toward Canada as a country of exemplary freedom, it is a pity that it is not occupying a place that we have in last successfully abandoned.

**Maclean's:** This whole question of nationality is significant. Canadian rights now. How do you feel about when it comes to the "Quebec"?

**Ustinov:** Well, I'm a bit personal judge. First of all, I was married to a French Ca-

natian for a long time and secondly I've had to make stuff without any nationality for so long and find myself very high and heavy on it. I do not mind identity at all the whole being idea. I find a reproducible in Canada because I don't think it's a large gas problem. I think because of the association between the British and the French in various parts of the world the French believe that the language has not died out in the de facto. I'm in favor of language changing all the time. It has to be a living thing. I think there is far too much emphasis in schools. At least in my book, placed on spelling and not what you write. Spelling never spelled to mind the same time and why should it? Quite apart from entire code. English now is a reading to everybody but politicians.

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**Maclean's:** What do you think about Canon's "Movie" line?

**Ustinov:** It has the spirit of a modernist paid there in some point because there are certain writers that have certain forms from associations with other writers. There are also certain writers that run far miles as close as another writer lives no right. I think there should be room for

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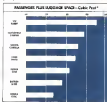
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both. But of course, the real trouble, I think, is—and I'm really going out on a limb here but I don't care because I'm a member of 14 unions. I've seen enough of them to see how they work. [I've seen enough of them in work.] They were actually interested in a certain period in history and they probably still are—that's what's interested in union matters are usually those who really are not particularly interested in their own work. Those who rise in the top of a tree are those that didn't let the quail have a chance to drive them at the bottom. In other words, when you get a great lawyer like Clarence Darrow he stays with the law. If they're not very good they go into the Senate or become presidents.

**Malcolm:** One thing that doesn't get very favorable treatment in your autobiography is the French issue. You said you looked every moment of it and would not have missed it for the world.

**Malcolm:** That's pretty true, yes, it brought me into contact with a dying breed that I don't think exists anymore. The kind of absolutely pathological language-users who occurred and shouted their heads off. I never felt that I was losing my mind or my own country's name that during those 40 years. It was absolutely absurd.

**Malcolm:** Perhaps you could tell that audience about making a film where you were a prisoner.

**Malcolm:** I was asked to do a film called *The Age of Malcolm* and there was an excellent man called Dr. Herbert Ritschke who said "I'm making arrangements for you to go in the secret research establishment at Malvern to see how radar works and also to a factory in preparation for you should want to see that." And I said, "See," and he said "You wouldn't hang up. So I would around in my private's being up with my rifle and my kit bag and a mud-colored suit or crew up at my apartment with an RAF sergeant at the wheel. I got in the back seat, the car stopped and we drove off to Malvern. Some motorcycle cop stopped dead and a military policeman agreed about whether they had seen right the previous morning among the columns. We got to Malvern and there was a very nice flight-leader, and he said, "Hello lad, what was he up to for you?" I said, "I think that I'm supposed to be staying here." "Oh no, I'm sorry, this is the Officers' Mess. There is a camp toward the Welsh border, you really probably log a lot." And I said, "I don't need a lot because I have got my suit on here." Then I called out, "Sergeant" and the sergeant came in and the RAF officer didn't know what he had but I had been awarded a year's release for writing an autobiography. And I had two more opportunities to do my show, and I don't know what else. I happened at home of some young commandant and looked him in the eye and then looked down his uniform as he stood there stiffly at attention. That was a sort of revenge.

**Malcolm:** You're serious a great deal

about the Cold War. Do you think there has been a resurgence of it?

**Malcolm:** It's not true that I think the Carter initiative over political prisoners is a terribly happy one. I understand it very well and I approve of it thoroughly, but I'm not absolutely convinced that it doesn't have a copy of a slowing effect on the Russians. The Russians are ripe for something to happen in the course of evolution in any case because young Russians are very very similar to young people everywhere. You



National identity is on the whole a boring idea—and I find it regrettable in Canada.

know, the old people are different from our old people. But it would seem to me that we have reached a stage of artificial pressure now. It's clear I think for me anyway, that Karl Marx is out of date. That the one thing that he couldn't foresee was the enormous technical advances which have, first of all solved a great many problems and evened out the life that he didn't know anything about.

**Malcolm:** Do you believe in any organic world religion?

**Malcolm:** Well, I don't see why you have to

be in love with an agent to appreciate the theory. Therefore I'm pretty quite at ease with dogmatism. But I'm absolutely 100% in favor of the Christian ethic, or any other ethic as a matter of fact.

**Malcolm:** Is your autobiography, you know, Subliminal's courage and his "back with it soon" but it never stops something that worries you about the now.

**Malcolm:** I'm beginning to wonder now whether he isn't really an old postulating writer from another period. A kind of continuation of Waikiki. I've seen him on television and he seems off practically every reply with "You see," and that's a clear indication of the certain lack of humility. He's a big man and a powerful man and I think to look that the resistance that he seems which took place in prison has given him a kind of transference view that is detrimental to others.

**Malcolm:** You say that he comes to the Brexitee like a sort of child, but he does know the Brexitee Union. What he says about it must be taken seriously.

**Malcolm:** Absolutely. He knows the Soviet Union but not as the man in the street would interpret the Soviet Union. He recognizes the Soviet Union as somebody who has been Europe and who has gained what is there and he is completely and utterly right although it's a side of the Soviet Union that the majority of Soviet citizens never see, never suspect. Most of you there are enough pains around to make it quite clear to everybody. For instance, the proof that Adam and I've been Russians. They had no clothes to wear, they had to dress as apple and they thought they were in Persia.

**Malcolm:** What do you think about the Soviet Union's involvement in the late Tatar and Dneprova?

**Malcolm:** I think that aspect of the things that you attribute to the Soviet Union are not extremely Soviet at all but merely Russian. And that is that after the Russian Revolution failed to produce many things that were there before. There's a pervasive love of Russia which you feel there. It's a kind of quality you get with the Irish as well for some reason. A real attachment to even the most miserable aspect of one's own existence and so on.

**Malcolm:** You express in your autobiography a great admiration for the United Nations. Do you think it works?

**Malcolm:** I think that the United Nations is working as well as it possibly can. After all it's constituted in a discouraging way, and one can't be too disappointed if the vote gets against one. That's the law of averages. But of course there is a certain imbalance as the United Nations is that the smaller countries in mind their best members and the larger countries only those they can spare. And I suggested in the book, Adlai Stevenson was the too good for the job of representing the United States. He was just a dignified and very charmingly intelligent for his. We have several countries—the Tropic of this world—and



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usually highly professional and, highly brilliant men to that particular job and they of course have much more faith in such an organization than anyone else.

**Maclean:** There is something in your head that is relevant, not very much, when you talk about the need for order.

**Usher:** I don't mean it in much in the political sense it is almost a religious sense. I mean, also that there is no total theory. People regard reality in a break-through, but it's only a breakthrough into another prison eventually. Where do you go from there? Even resignations have footnotes. Once you realize that then you don't try and escape anymore. You are free from your prison to the bench, you are free. As the great American expression in which people are accorded fairly complete liberty within the limits of citizenship. I feel they have a tendency to panic, not to know what to do. They start muttering each other and using the same clichés and beginning to look alike. I think also that on a very very free society the individual is not protected enough against groups of individuals. Because complex freedom entails freedom for the body as well as for the belief. And that I think is something that one must not grant dead in the United States. But I've always thought (and it's no longer absolutely true because countries change) there were two countries in the West that were different in story. One was the United States and the other was Monaco. One because it was too big and the other because it was too small.

**Maclean:** For me, in your book, this year's of private country's and how resources and their industries and whether we would have a very high level of television and freedom for the individual.

**Usher:** I think agricultural produce should be in the hands of people who can care for it. But not, and those sort of resources I think should be national because they are so valuable and they're so rare.

**Maclean:** How do you feel about what's going on in the most guide movement in Canada today?

**Usher:** Well, I thought for a long time that the avant-garde movement was a very serious and yet joyful way of writing. It now begins to think it's a shallow, it's shallow. It is an absolute reflection of the times we live in. Because we live in a closed-circuit world. I think that on the whole the dogmatism which is really on the way out and that business ethics have taken over. We live in the age of efficiency and mathematics. And this is a consequence. We are the and the Lachard world and all the risk and it is really the mature result of this new technology.

**Maclean:** Your plays don't belong to that tradition do they?

**Usher:** No. I'm a very kind of eclectic writer because I'm always trying to find new ways of saying the same or different things.

**Maclean:** What makes writers do you believe?

**Usher:** I don't read easily as much as I should because I'm a very concentrated reader and a bit of a divagator. When I'm reading something that gives me intense pleasure I suddenly find—and this is absolutely inevitable—that I've read 15 or 16 pages from that particular idea or phrase and not taken anything in whatsoever and then to go back and try and find it. Well, when you apply that to an Anglo-American or something of that sort it is ab-



## How could American television corrupt a Canadian way of life? It's too infantile

viously takes a disinterested moment of time. You keep going back and I find it very exciting because I read things that I don't like. Even more interesting reading things that I like than things that I don't like. I would see certain people I read with great pleasure. I like short stories because I obviously have to go back less for.

**Maclean:** What about the classes? What do you observe?

**Usher:** Well, there are certain great char-

acters in literature who are not so much that they measure the frontiers and become international. Obviously, I think, is one of them. I think Don Quixote is obviously another one. I think a modern, Walter May is another very important character. I think that they really stand on their own and are part of our common heritage.

**Maclean:** You speak on the whole question of television in your book. What are your feelings about it?

**Usher:** Well, television itself is like a telephone. It depends who is on it. It's an instrument. If there's a crushing bore on it you also have the possibility of either knocking up or turning it off. But I must say that the French have a very good idea. They have television sets with literally everything, games, keys. So if you don't want your children to watch you just take the key out of the ignition and go away. There is a way that they can turn it on. That's an example of order if you like. But on the whole I think that television is a good thing. I think people make mistakes when they try and solve the state and they have 16 million people listening to them, because they are made up of idiots like old ladies with a cat who are very easily frightened by someone who is looking straight at them and talking. But I think that on the whole it is a very good thing.

**Maclean:** Do you think that television could be an instrument for either preserving or destroying a national identity?

**Usher:** I would have thought that, on the whole, television makes you more sure that your identity is not that of the people perceiving whatever it is. I never feel more European than when I watch American television. But I wouldn't have thought that American television could corrupt a Canadian way of life, it's too infantile.

**Maclean:** American has and the best of us should be made differently in Canada and the means of communication should be able to pick up American television.

**Usher:** Well, that is very often a lack of faith in other people which is to my mind one of the big problems of today. It is a manifestation of lack of faith in people. So was Franco's Spain. They said we must not do the wrong thing unless we see them what to do.

**Maclean:** We talk about the danger of American economic influence in Canada. Is American economic domination feared in Europe?

**Usher:** No, but I think that America has actually let the socialization of Europe by the very powerful and concentrated resources of her larger companies. As a result of that European companies very often have behind the backs of governments.

**Maclean:** What was your favorite film role?

**Usher:** I think it's the second one probably. I hope that I'm still young enough to get enough to take that thing. I'm not very sentimental about the things that I've done.



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# Letters

Thanks for the memory—but not for the cheap parking shot

The *Long Good-bye* (September 2) was replete with the unfortunate demise of Elvin Prusky, the man who became a myth, had no moments of poignancy but is grievable



was undervalued by the absent character. To many of us young olders-in-between, like him or not, there was someone special. Coming, as to whether he was a product of those times, a talent supreme, a genuine phenomenon or a combination of each, is probably academic, two decades later. Most disappointing was your editor's upshot describing his untimely depar-

ture as little more than a "fluke" for editors short of more interesting news during a busy August afternoon.

JOHN MACINTYRE, FREDRICK ALTON

**If nothing else, a technical knockout**  
Martin D. Maly, certainly cannot be an enthusiastic, well-built fan! His sports column on a full-on Canada (September 19) was a disappointment because he says that the Richmond Hill Dymos are the defending world champions—even though they haven't made it to the Ontario Provincial Championships in the past three years. At the World School Championships in New Zealand last year, the final games were rained out and a three-way tie was declared between Canada (represented by Victoria Blue), the United States and New Zealand.

ELIZABETH WOODBURY, OTTAWA

**It's what Morris didn't say that counts**  
In *It's What Morris Didn't Say* (September 19) you reported that Jacques-Yves Morin said that "French children were caused from French school by police in Ontario in 1967." I suspect that you are the unwitting victim of a master propagandist when you print Morin's comments without researching whether what he said was true.

You will have difficulty finding any history book confirming such an incident in 1967. It is true that the *Crucible of Injustice* book known as *Regulation 17* was a dirty one, but as when? was good. It was issued in an attempt to improve the quality of teaching in the French language schools of Ontario. Many teachers in the French language schools at that time or her had no

certificate to teach in a temporary certificate. For example, only 48 of 538 teachers had answers, teaching qualifications to teach in Ontario. In World War II, automobiles in Quebec closed Regu-lation 17 prohibited French-speaking teachers in Ontario, many of whom were from Quebec. It became an index point of tension during the conscription issue and was debated in our federal parliament for two days in May of 1966.

Now, Morin makes a genuine point for the Parti Quebecois in the English news media by giving his version of an incident that few English speaking Canadians have ever heard about. Morin is too brilliant a man not to have known the complete story of Regulation 17.

J. G. TREMBLE, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

**Missing the point, uh? To poison?**  
You have managed to delay reviewing *Delayed Today: French Teachers for All* until we must be—given though in review of the latest selling books published in Canada in the past year. There is *To Delay, To Deny, The French Are Coming* (September 19) you avoided any reference to the book's main theme that "bilingual" means nothing more than "French Canada." You also ignored the author's contention that 10,000-plus jobs in the *journalisme* profession are granted "bilingual," which means that nobody who is not French Canadian can qualify to fill those. Except in the case of the odd taken anglophone. Now that the Official Language Act has been amended to exclude as applicants anyone who is not bilingual at the time of application, that not-so-outdoor particularly anglophone applicants, from any

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# Bisquit

The important thing is to be known by those in the know.

AGENTS: A. F. VIGNER INC. (ONTARIO)

**No translation is necessary**  
 S. J. Carr's letter (September 16) left me nothing. I respect his right to consider Spanish as the most beautiful language in the world, as it is indeed one of the most so here (and, by the way, is derived from Latin and Greek, the same as French), but when he calls the native tongue of French Canadians a "jargon," he's putting both his feet in his mouth. The continental European he mentions can be dismissed as a bunch of French who don't even know what Quebec and Canada are. French Canadians who go to France, Switzerland or Belgium (where the savans achieved by Charlevoix, Yves Deschamps, and many others) are as easily understood as a resident of Kenya or Windsor who goes to England, Australia or New Zealand. The accent may be different but the meaning is the same.

DENIS FORTINER, POINTE-CLAYTON, QUE.

#### Biological conclusions

The editors of *The Day Of Reckoning: Is Clear At Hand* (September 5) have confused the biculturalism of French and English Canadians to preserve and develop their culture with multiculturalism. To say that "Montreal's English-speaking minority has lived in self-imposed cultural segregation for 11 generations" is to imply that Canada's French-speaking minority has lived in self-imposed cultural segregation for 15 generations. St. Michael's is suggesting that the Montreal English-speaking community has no right to preserve its culture and must assimilate into the culture of the Quebec French majority there, by the same logic, you are saying that all French Canadians should have assimilated into the culture of the majority.

The persistence for Canada's survival is simple: a French Canadian must be able to go anywhere in Canada and feel at home. That means that he must be able to work, study, communicate with his provincial government and be allowed to contribute to the future of Canada in his language. Likewise, an English Canadian must enjoy the same rights in Quebec. That is what we of the Montreal English community have been doing for the past 11 generations.

GORDON BRACE, MONTREAL

#### Bodies and soul

I read Ugo Kandia's review of *Pumping Iron* (September 5) with amusement and dismay. I was entertained by the writer's cleverness, but again, body building? "Those bodies in repose are comical enough, pathetic and unbelieved," says Kandia, and I was dismayed that André Schwartz-singer should be condemned for daring to speak as though he retained a normal level of intelligence after all those years of developing "muscles." Body building is a full-fledged and its exponents were referred to as hulk or carnival clowns. But it is a sport requiring many years to produce a championship physique. An advanced body builder may easily put on 100 pounds of mus-



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ing duty for six days a week with constant rotation to day and night. Coordinating the general medicine of the average Canadian I question the intelligency of putting down any form of fines.

B. FRY REGINA

**A francophone by any other name...**  
I'm a exception to David Lewis' statement in *English Canada Must Be Prepared To Give* (August 23) to the effect that the identity of francophone Quebecois is more homogeneous than that of other Canadians. Here does he account for names like Basse (Q'Neil) and Johnson in the L'Espresso cabinet? Surely all these exceptions

were *not* French! In addition, students of Canadian history are aware of the liberal intermingling of French and Indian blood in early colonial days when few French women had migrated to Canada.

GEORGE MACDONALD, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

#### Weighting for the word

When the Dutch converted to metric they reweighted the pound to 500 grams and the ounce to 100 grams and so retained these two valuable words with renewed meaning. Now that we are going metric (August 23) it would be a boon to the English language if the same could be done

here. Two pounds to a kilo, 30 ounces to a kilo or five to a pound would facilitate shopping, advertising and even thinking. An ounce of prevention would still be worth a pound of cure.

C. FOTHERIDGE, GARNHOLME, ONT.

#### A long drive, but worth it

Your otherwise flat article on Michel Gaudin and his cocaine memoir (September 19) incorrectly states that the residence of the brother Torguon is in Rouen. It is in Reims, just 300 kilometres to the south.

CHARLES G. ROUSSEAU, MONTREAL

#### Always leave 'em laughing

Oh he he he! Thanks a million for *At The Edge In Print* (August 6). Not much to



laugh at these days. Don't tell me we women really want to look like this! Do it again soon!

JE. A. DAVIES, VICTORIA

#### All of the above? None of the above?

To complete Allan Fotheringham's *All right! Kidding: It's Time Again To Play* (September 3), when Janet Carson returns well. Fotheringham (a) Suggest: His timing is inappropriate. (b) Critique: His spectacular descent as an ego trip. (c) Suggest: He needs a good tailor and a barber!

WILLIAM J. HUGHES, FORT MILLER, BC

#### Defectors of the faith

*A Lot Of Faith* (September 3) makes one wonder if the Catholic Church is "willfully ignoring the wishes" of its growing, supportive membership of more than 650 million, or if it's fallen away. Are faith and truth to be based on the wishes of people? These church dropouts, often bitterly disillusioned, who are waiting to see "empty pews and cans of stone," are in for more disappointment. What they should be looking for are personal affirmations of faith.

H. K. CAMPBELL, RICHMOND, BC



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MS-11

I suspect that Herbert de Souza never fully knew the Church in all the houses and the various headquarters and even the secret of the tales of Torquemada and Maria Wink (the anything that applied on our times). I write as one who knew his Church in his churches and, apart from childhood and youth, I know many of them as you are in a Canadian journalist who for a time specialized in coverage of religious events.

The beauty of the old liturgy, the magnificent music and the great traditions of ceremony were one side of things, but there was also the other—was the Church—of offering to good use. There was the love of holiness, the depth of Christian charity and the sense of being one with our brothers in all the world, regardless of race, color or creed.

J. B. BELLER, BELLER, BELLER

It is true the Catholic Church is a pond of children's games, but it is fully grown with the Church of tomorrow. It is true there have been a few unfortunate in carrying the child in the arms of the Church, but the doctors haven't diagnosed any serious hemorrhaging or extraneous injuries and they do not force that the baby will be milked or squeezed. Yes, it is proper to be a natural child of a healthy beautiful child—the Church of tomorrow.

FATHER MAURICE A. LEBLANC, PASTOR, OUR LADY OF MERCY PARISH, POINTE DE CHENE, NS

It is patently apparent that Herbert de Souza never made a real-life commitment to the Church which he now attacks so cruelly and viciously. Nowhere in all the diatribe does there appear love, honest feeling, selflessness, loyalty, charity and generosity of spirit. All and more of these virtues produced the filius of Mother Theresa, Jean Vanier and Cardinal Léger. Surely a church that spawned giants of self-sacrificing nobility such as these cannot be the evil institution de Souza would have us believe it is.

AILEEN MYRLE, BOWMANVILLE, ONT

Things aren't as black as they seem.

East of Eden (September 19) on the effects of Quebec's separation on the Atlantic provinces seems unduly pessimistic. Let's agree that no one will benefit economically from having two centres rather than one, but the Atlantic provinces as a Canada without Quebec would enjoy the balance of power between Ontario and the West. Also Quebec is the principal beneficiary of transfer payments from British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario. Separation would make the load of transfer payments to the Atlantic provinces even lighter. Alberta and Ontario, at least, are now quite willing to build capitalization into our Constitution. Ontario will send the Atlantic area as a partner for its goods and the West will send it to ensure that its profits and thought runs are

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was arranged for the sole benefit of Ontario. All this gloom and doom about how we cannot survive without Quebec is all grandiose L'Espresso's stuff. We can't live without Quebec, he claims, but Quebec can live very nicely without us.

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#### One of our aircraft is missing

I would certainly agree with your statement in *Making The World Even Safer For Democracy* (September 199) that standing on guard for Canada is not cheap in far as



The plane at the top is the Tornado, not the Tornado. For a Tornado, see above.

fighter aircraft are consumed. However, it cannot give you pricing marks on your aircraft acquisition. The American way for one would be upset to learn that you have labeled their premier fighter aircraft as the Tornado, the swing-wing fighter in production in Great Britain, Germany and Italy. While there is a passing similarity, the plane you have depicted is the Grumman F-14 Tomcat which is also swing-winged but has a twin tail to the Tornado's one.

LT J. R. CANNON, BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS

#### He deserves a break today

Confirms Canadians, especially Liberals, who presently overwhelmingly support Prime Minister Trudeau, will disagree with your cover page caption *Big Mac's Big Men* (September 199). Likewise, your reasoning that Big Mac has let things worse than he found them, as if he was chosen to blame, is a false simplification. Many of the factors that affect Canada's economy cannot be controlled by any single man in government. Even the whole government is helpless sometimes to a certain extent in fully controlling the economy. The international trade situation, foreign currencies, the money discipline and control, big business, big and powerful labor unions and various selfish interests in Canada do their share in upsetting the Canadian economy.

A VINCENT BOHLIN, MIAMI

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# If some Quebecers want divorce, so be it—as long as they don't get custody

Column by Morris Shumatcher

We have heard enough of "the founding myth" of Canada. The question now is not who founded Canada, but who is to be left in Canada? The separatists of Quebec claim that they represent a French nation within the territorial boundaries of Canada because they carry the traditions of nationhood that a definable origin in the future of the 18th century, recently, occupation of a specific area of land, finally, a common language, and fourthly, the will to be a nation. Let us accept these premises and apply them to the people who live within the boundaries of Quebec as a new nation—all of an 893,000 square miles of land and water.

Only a small part of these lands was regarded as French in 1701 when Quebec became a part of British North America, or in 1867 when Quebec joined in founding the Dominion of Canada. More than two-thirds of its present lands—35,000 square miles of what was Magaya, the Northwest Territories—were added by the parliament of Canada between 1896 and 1912. This area remains sparsely settled by the Indians and Inuit who have, accordingly, defended their rights to be North American, their language, English, their culture, native and their desire for unbroken Canadian. Are their lives and liberties to be made hostage in the election of a Quebec referendum? The issue is likely, one day, to become one of the richest producers of materials and power and forest resources. Are there to be denied in the 23 million Canadians whose heritage those lands unquestionably remain? Before the 19th century, there came from all of the countries of Europe immigrants who chose to settle in Quebec. They have built their lives in the vocabulary of English. They have constructed their careers upon the work of a language that covers not only large parts of Quebec, but the whole of Canada and indeed the entire North American continent like a rich overboard.

They too have a claim to this area which has been invaded, occupied and developed. Like French Canadians, they also have a desire to identify themselves with the vision of nationhood. That vision is Canada. They also have a language, a history, and a desire for nationhood. If the issue is to be settled by a referendum, whose name shall be valid, then surely, only those areas of Quebec that are French in history, in language and in culture are in contention. All other territories in Quebec must remain in fact as a part of Canada. Self-determination is a two-way



As an expression of opinion by ballot is not all that is relevant. A referendum, in fact, may legitimately curtail the wishes of individual voters. It cannot effect a disposition of land or property. Its purpose may be to determine which Canadians of French descent choose to remain in Canada. The Quebec National Assembly can no more force the decision to surrender its Canadian citizenship than the Legislature of Ontario or Saskatchewan or British Columbia may deny citizenship to French-speaking Canadians in any of these provinces. Majority rule does not sanction banishment of the minority. If freedom and self-determination are to have their way, then those in Quebec who desire to exit themselves from Canada may, as individuals, identify themselves. The result,

as individuals, each may move to put his resources with other like-minded Quebecers.

If the time should come when Quebecers in numbers elect to sever their Canadian connection, the lands and the property they own and control may be defined and the territorial boundaries of a new state may be determined to encompass them. And then, when their citizenship in Canada (in the face of outstanding taxes and the like) have been paid, the independence of the separatists, the dissolution of their status of citizenship and the exclusion from Canada of the people lands they own, may be acknowledged. In order that viable boundaries may be established, exchanges of lands may become necessary, and with these exchanges the painful relocations of families, all designed to produce the clearest and legitimate purity that the progenitors of the new state of Quebec profess to espouse.

If separation must come, let it appear to be what it is—a departure from Canada of those who reject her. A referendum excludes within the territory of Quebec those who are owned and occupied by those who desire to abandon Canada. All of the rest of the province must remain a part of our country. All others must be assured of their right to remain Canadian. The separation of species is always a part of evolutionary experiment. It cannot be ignored that a separation of two peoples who have lived together as a nation for more than 200 years can be anything less than a disaster. A married couple desires not to separate, a recognition of their problems but practical needs has a wondrous effect in bringing home to them the long-term advantages of continuing to live their lives together, regardless though they may be. This might often be the effect of keeping husband and wife together. Reason prevails over emotion; tensions ease and normal relations are restored.

Surely this is not too much to expect from the French and English-speaking people of Canada who are bound in a national marriage that concerns not only themselves but all Canadians and, indeed, all people who live in North America. I believe that the practical will prevail over the political, the emotional over the emotional, the human over the human.

Who, perhaps, is because I am fascinated enough to have an understanding with who in French.

Morris Shumatcher is a Saskatchewan lawyer and a professional commentator on history and foreign affairs.



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## Preview

The British are coming! The British are coming . . . back!



Telegraph: Pomeroy Jim

It may rain a lot of cocktail party conversations on both sides of the Atlantic, but the fact is that Britain, that hitherto doomed little nation, is making a comeback. Inflation is down, and expected to drop out of the double figures by early next year, the International Monetary Fund, which a year ago imposed a spending freeze as a quid pro quo for a massive loan, now smiles benignly at Britain's economic progress, the pound is up again, to about \$1.74 U.S. And in the longer term, with North Sea oil pumping \$8.6 billion a year into the economy by the early 1980s, things look even better. All of this is bad news for Margaret Thatcher and her Tories. A month ago she was almost universally considered prime minister-elect. But now the Tory lead in the Gallup poll is down to a negligible 4% and Surrey Jim Callaghan's Labor Party has momentum and sedation of support from the Liberals. Income tax cuts, expected before Christmas, won't hurt, and if he can solve the one major remaining problem—4% unemployment—the next election (fall of 1979 or spring of 1979) should be a cinch.

### Porgy and Bach

It started out with the Winnipeg Symphony: yes, Harry Belafonte would be happy to perform free of charge with the orchestra on a special concert, most of the proceeds going toward increasing the Masco's Pension Fund. But it didn't end there: through the first three weeks of December Belafonte will perform—also free—with eight other major Canadian orchestras, the Toronto-Montreal, Vancouver, Edmonton and Atlantic symphonies, the Calgary and Hamilton

philharmonics, and the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa. His appearances—unprecedented in this country, needless to say—are expected to produce an estimated \$350,000 in revenue.

### An infestation of Beatles

Toward the end of November North Americans will be treated to two-count 'em—two Beatles television specials. Saw Beatles, of course. By far the more promising despite the title, *How The Beatles Changed Our World*, and the host, David Frost, will be an hour-long CBC Superspecial on November 21, which will be shown a day later on NBC in the United States. Its premise lies in the fact that it features such rock/pop stars as Melissa Manchester, Richie Havens, Melrose and David Clayton-Thomas doing interpretations of Beatles tunes. The other special, *The Beatles Forever*, will also be shown on NBC and on a number of Canadian independent stations—but what can such people as Anthony Newley, Tony Randall and Bernadette Peters possibly have to say about the Beatles?



Melrose and The Beatles: the guests at a recent rock night

### The Iceman cometh

Some morning in 1980 Bead Arnsau will be up to disport in either the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf, a billion-kiloberg sailing away and providing fresh water to reclaim their vast deserts. It then sounds preposterous: remember that the arid was once flat and that it God had meant man to fly. He'd have given him wings. And remember too that money will buy anything—even happiness on occasion—and the Saudis have the money. In fact Prince Mo-



hamed Faisal, high-ranking nephew of King Khalid, has already sunk on million petrodollars into a campaign called Isobar: Transportation International Ltd. and is prepared to put out another \$100 million to get a massive Isobar of the Saudi coast by 1980. An interim step, which could be taken within the next year, is to have a giant long taken to at least in the Indian Ocean, and the submersed water is then some Middle East by tanker. Then he may go into business. Aqueduct?



# Canada

## A plan to transform Rhodesia



In the Congo, Cyprus, the Middle East and Vietnam, they called it peacekeeping, and nobody was happy with it. But for two decades, peacekeeping, with all its painful, thankless frustrations, has provided one of Canada's most effective, if more dangerous channels for extending its military and diplomatic skills abroad. Now, in the prospect of another major Canadian overseas operation—this time in Africa—McKenzie has learned that officials in Ottawa have completed secret working papers which, if implemented, would transform the traditional function of maintaining the status quo into enforcing a radical transfer of power.

Senior officials in the Prime Minister's Office, the defense and external affairs departments working behind closed doors, have quietly drawn up plans that would ensure Canada's mastery of key negotiators of the Rhodesian government should Ottawa choose to supervising a transfer of power from the country's white minority to the increasingly powerful black majority. That

Rhodesia's Affairs Office, a black representative of the government, as panels (left) and members of the UN (right) during the transfer of power. Canada would, in effect, be running the operation.



change of power is expected to take place within the next few years.

Reliable sources in the U.S. government, who first disclosed details of the plan, the result of years of searching for ways to improve the efficiency of peacekeeping, indicated that it would cost Canadian taxpayers millions of dollars and would involve Canadian troops in what would be another potentially hazardous operation. Both Canada and U.S. officials warned that Ottawa's program will only be put forward if Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, who recently won a landslide election victory, and black leaders in Rhodesia agree to a Canadian presence. In addition, Smith would have to accept an Anglo-U.S. proposal for transferring power to black Rhodesian leaders and the heads of black union leaders on Rhodesia would have to ask for action by Canada and finally, the UN Security Council would have to seek Canadian involvement. The cabinet, and likely parliament as well, would also have to agree to the move. But a senior Canadian official, directly involved in drafting the contingency plan, indicated that the British, the Americans and the black African border states already agree that Canada should conduct an outside supervisory role.

Among other things, the Canadian plan demands oversight authority in what it calls the "conflict-free sector" of Rhodesia. These areas include, as well as the police and armed forces, the finance ministry, the justice department and the railway, that would be set up for holding universal suffrage elections if Smith agrees to turn over power. Canadian and American sources are reluctant to estimate the numbers of troops and civilians needed to carry out the

change of power is expected to take place within the next few years.

Meanwhile, one of the main problems hindering Ottawa's strategy is how to meet the need of supervisory force for highly sophisticated electronic equipment, something the Canadian forces are already supplying in large quantities as part of their function in the UN peacekeeping units in the Middle East and Cyprus.

It is more stark in some observers in stating the issue for future involvement in Rhodesia, External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson told the UN General Assembly last January that Canada fully supports the Anglo-American plan for a handover of power in Rhodesia. "Not only because we believe it provides a fair and equitable solution but also because we reject totally the alternative of further bloodshed (in fighting between blacks and whites)." Added the minister: "There must be no movement of our troops to see the end of the present illegal minority Rhodesian regime and for that reason we must redouble our efforts and our commitment to peaceful means. Otherwise, whatever the result, economic, it will be a disaster for the island of Rhodesia and the sad realization that good can only be achieved through death and destruction." Jamieson also said in an interview that involvement in Rhodesia might provide Canada with a much needed excuse to withdraw its military contingent from Cyprus.

Sources indicate the plan for a possible Canadian involvement in Rhodesia has already been brought to the Prime Minister's attention. And a senior Canadian official "Our role would be to ensure the new black majority government in Rhodesia that all police power was indeed being handled normally and that Ottawa's accountants were in charge of the Ministry of Finance to that everyone knows that funds are not being siphoned off to members of Smith's bank accounts."

Ottawa now seems convinced that the Anglo-American plan for a handover of power in Rhodesia will soon begin to be implemented, perhaps as early as next year. If that happens, the government this time seems determined to act on its own rules for the enormous task it may be asked to assume.

WILLIAM LAMONT

## Canada—the wet look

It must seem strange now to the thousands of Canadian farmers looking wistfully at their rain-soaked and flooded crops, but not so many months ago their worry was drought. What a difference a season makes. When the long-awaited rain finally arrived it made up for long-term. For some of the optimistic reports, the season's crops looked a lot better after the by Thanksgiving, the traditional harvest feast, it was obvious that Canada's farmers had been treated to no stretch of a good thing if it was from the Rockies to the Atlantic where

hopes had risen in late summer, now faced the possibility of disaster, with some areas of wet and rotting crops stranded in muddy fields.

Almost every evening throughout September, the television weather bulletin had shown another gloomy picture of total cloud cover in the weatherman, just read yet another day of rain. For some people it was merely an inconvenience, for others the dreary conditions meant weeks of emotional depression. But for farmers it was



serious enough that Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan said the situation at the still ongoing end of September to "pray for good harvesting conditions because we can still salvage a big crop."

Not all farmers were passing the buck to the heavens. Gordon Thomas, a corn-and-apple grower in Canadian, Ontario, who couldn't get potatoes to harvest his Melrose crop in the rain, suspected a political plot. "I think it's René Lévesque who's done this," Thomas to discredit with a conspiracy theory were the different downpour that flooded Quebec's own fields of corn, cereals and vegetables. Farmers who asked taking their harvesting machinery was the fields, bogged down in the mud and water.

The story was made the more through most of agriculture Canada, though many early crops were in and it was still premature to declare the waterylogged remaining crops a disaster. The odds were increasing against an extended, drying-out sunny period arriving before the frost. Only British Columbia seemed virtually unaffected.

In early rice, only 30% to 35% of the 55,000-acre paddy crop had been harvested by early this month. The biggest





problem—as with crops in many parts of the country—was not digging the spuds, but hauling them off the field. A harvester could dig a track, load in about 30 minutes, but it might take the truck up to 2½ hours to clear its way out through the old crop stalk. The wind and rain swept through the orchards of Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley and staked potatoes, but there was little damage once most of the spuds were still firmly attached to their stalks.

Many parts of Ontario had their worst winter weather since the turn of the century. In the fertile Holland Marsh area north of Toronto the carrots, celery and onions were rotting in the rich, black silt. Cornfields looked like red mud. Millions of pond-sized puddles among the rows of trees. Flood waters cut a brown swath through Frank Ehsold's vineyard in the Niagara peninsula. "I put a machine in there if I get rain in the river. This cuts into the river and when the water freezes, that kills the vines." Harder hit in the province was the big white bean crop from south-central Ontario. The beans of pork and beans. Murray Gladfield farms 250 acres of white beans near Elton, Ont., and he hadn't harvested any. The stalks fell in heavy rain and the pods either rotted or spoiled on the ground. He expected to lose as much as \$40,000.

In Manitoba, where the September weather was the warmest and coldest since 1945, less than half the harvest was on because the rain was washed. By the time the rain finally broke through in late September-early October and dried crops enough



for some harvesting, it was clear the wet soil had caused considerable spreading, mold and weight loss. In many cases, the best a farmer could hope for was to break over by selling top-quality grain as low-grade feed.

George Lavellin wading in his cornfield near St. Catharines, Ontario, seen with his wife, Jean, and daughter, Jeanne, wading some of their and/or wading (above) reseed

## QUEBEC

### The children's crusade

Nothing as their wide, innocent eyes see the prospect from their playmates in the cosmopolitan classrooms of downtown Montreal's English schools. Yet they are called the "Vigilants," the 2,000 or so youngsters who have become the chips in a political poker match between English education leaders and the Parti Québécois government.

Under Quebec's language law, the children should have been enrolled in the majority French system because their parents, mostly Greek and Irish immigrants, did not attend English elementary school in the province. They are illegally in the English system because Protestant school boards and English Catholic parishes insured parents to defy the *Charte de la langue française* which became law a week before classes started. English education authorities—who fear their power and jobs will wither away as the law drives up the flood of immigrants to their schools—are warning they can arouse enough sympathy for the children to force a return to the situation of three years ago: free choice in the language of education. Prime Minister Trudeau defended the language law "inconsistent with the federal government's concept of Canada." But, uncertain whether Bill 101 is entirely unconstitutional and well aware of its popularity among French-speaking Quebecers, he chose not to challenge it or initiate a court battle.

At the same time, though, in Montreal a Quebec High Court judge was handing down his ruling in a complicated litigation proceeding which was, in effect, the first court test of the language law. A see-

sion of Bill 101 was found to be unconstitutional. Justice Proulx Mejer ruled that the requirement that all court documents be filed in French contravened the British North America Act. There was an immediate appeal.

And fatigues in the inner circles that the impulse is so desperate that it may be too late, the Trudeau government is planning to offer further long-term proposals in the months ahead. Among options currently before the cabinet is the idea of a directly elected Senate and an expanded Supreme Court, with new powers in both institutions for the provinces.

Trudeau's reluctance to take up the direct defense of English Quebecers was no surprise to the middle-aged woman emerging as the leader of resistance to the language legislation. Anne Daugherty, chairman of the once powerful Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal (Ensemble) in the board's schools has divided from 64,000 in 1962 to 46,000 this year because of declining births and, with the language law, cutting off new shares of newcomers to Quebec. Daugherty predicts only 6,000 pupils will be left a decade from now. She worries that no one but the Montreal English themselves can shoot their fate. "Even the federal government is probably prepared for political reasons to maintain the situation in Quebec." Now, if it wants to challenge the constitutionality of the law, the board must resign itself to a long legal march through the judicial system that still has not disposed of the same board's 1974 challenge to the defunct Bill 72 legislation of Quebec's former Liberal government.

KIMBLE English language schools in Montreal try picking out the "Vigilants"



ELENA WARD  
WITH CORRESPONDENT REPORTS



More pressingly, Dougherty has to find one million dollars to replace her board's share of grants the province will withhold in retaliation for the illegal registrations, half of which are in the Protestant sector of Quebec's diverse education system (children are segregated four ways by language and religion). "We won't stand in the police, or anything like that," Premier René Lévesque told an assembly of English parents. "But we will not use public funds to finance what is illegal."

Dougherty, an impeccably groomed member of the bourgeoisie, knows that ultimately, her cause depends less on the cash she can raise than the support she hopes to win among French Quebecers. She claims to be defending the "individual liberties" of all

**Nothing is too good for a great man's descendant**

Until two years ago, Dorothy Winton of Wingham, England had never fully appreciated the importance of her nationality with Canada. Until late last month she had never dreamed she would ever be in this country (all since then she has been whisked away from obscurity in deepest Dorset to enjoy the life of a celebrity in Nova Scotia). She has twice been welcomed in Government House in Halifax and a few times in full regalia, as well as dozens of well-wishers, have greeted her. She has been photographed, she has been a queen, she has danced. To be honest, she doesn't, one of those lifetime experiences you do. I think we'll never happen when you get to be my size.

Why all the fuss? Well, Mrs. Wilson was discovered to be the great-granddaughter

minority, the one group in Quebec not free to choose between English or French as a language of education. Blandinette, her appeal for a return to first choice, a concept rejected now by all Quebec political parties, is her voice of French Quebecers that many would consider an insulting stereotype. "Generally speaking, French people will accept more authority than English people," she says. "The French people have the authority of the Church for a long time and now it's the authority of the government." Such attitudes tend to reinforce another stereotype, that of an English minority insecure in its sense of mass and social acceptance, lost in the supremacy of both permanent connoisseurs and the casualties of the French-English fight for power in an unending chain of political and social maneuvering. The explanation for their schooling as well as their "mass" status? **RAYMOND**



The opinion on the proposed site of the refinery: a no-load vote for the Nays

**Saint John, New Brunswick.** It is a proposal that alarms many residents. Says Connor Long, member of a local group called Citizens Against Two: "If there was a serious leak, the vapor cloud could be blown over Saint John where any source of ignition could reach it off. There would be a hor-

Hazardous waste, the LNC issue is another common denominator as it arises here some glossed over regional problems—within the Maritime region and between those provinces and Quebec—and raises suspicions that Americans are looking for undesirable industries onto Canadian soil.

The LUG project is the conception of several companies led by large Houston-based Tenasco Inc. which has a 20-year commitment of natural gas supply from Algeria. Under Tenasco's plan, the liquefied gas would be re-vaporized at Tine

Through the middle of the 18th century for 10 days, while the province celebrated its annual Joseph Howe Festival, Mrs. Wilson was guest of honor, judge and co-sponsor of many of the events. She

At a tree-planting ceremony at Howe's grave in Halifax, she heard her great grandfather described as a man whose vision of Canada and precepts of freedom continue to shape society. "I was most moved. Since a child I had always been aware of my links with Nova Scotia but I never imagined how important Howe is considered here," she remarked.

Going back to England with her, she says, will be memories of a land of beautiful trees and marble-clad houses. She is leaving behind two volumes of Howe's letters and a framed, tinted photograph of the Howe collection in the Nova Scotia archives. "I have no children so I'm glad these things will be coming back where they belong."

Four; then the bulk of it would be piped off to the eastern United States. The appeal of the project to the New Brunswick government, which strongly supports it, is job and money. Total investment for the desk, the gas-conversion plant, and the Canadian portion of the pipeline is estimated at more than \$700 million, and at the height of construction 1,650 workers would be needed.

The gasoline that arrives, however, is why Tennessee has chosen a landing site so far from its market. Opponents point to strong environmental opposition south of the border. The U.S. Federal Power Commission has in fact declared that sites in both Maine and Rhode Island would be cheaper and safer than Saco. John Bus in Newport, R.I., the city council immediately opposed the project. Says Mayor Humphrey Doreilly, "I just don't think it would be worth it."

LNG technology cools natural gas and compresses it to as little as 1/600 of its original volume to make it more portable. Critics of the option point out that in the case of a leak, LNG occupying under pressure would rapidly turn back into vapor. Then, they say, a cloud of gas could roll over a populated area where an ignition by any open flame—even a spark—could cause widespread devastation.

Still, the project is regarded as such a plum down East that last month the Nova Scotia government, setting aside all problems of Maritime economic development, announced a \$10-million loan to help finance the South hearings which are continuing in Saint John's 14 days to lure Timorco to the Strait of Canso instead, to help ease Cape Breton's serious unemployment problems. New Brunswick's angler Premier Richard Hatfield protested Nova Scotia's "unilateral" decision to "sneak" a success to Nova Scotia's Grand Regime of fisheries. "The policy of out-those competitors." Then even more surprisingly, Quebec gave the corporation by suggesting a \$1.5-million loan to help finance the project on the Quebec Bay. The Parti Québécois government is anxious to establish its right to land the project.

With the mysterious Atlantic Province

Donna Crowell, which supports the general concept, has questioned the immediate benefits of the Tennessee project to the residents. With the promise of only 300 permanent jobs, and few other partners for this industry, are the economic benefits of the project value "in very temporary and easily potentially anguished more social costs than economic benefits." As the state has said, the Citizens Against Nuclear Waste was joined by local fishermen who feared their deteriorating grounds would be wiped out by the Tennessee project. Charged David Thompson, member of a south-eastern fishing fraternity "It is a question of loss of income. For fisherman, it is a loss of investment of their life savings. It is a loss of investment of their life savings and in pursuit the residents are being hurt."

## OTTAWA

### A 'Laskin Court' at last?

When Bora Laskin was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada almost five years ago, he was acclaimed as the harbinger of a new, progressive era. His reforming zeal, along with the popular appeal of major cases before the court dealing with abortion, sexual orientation,

of civil liberties, have given the organization an unprecedented visibility. But more often than not, where Easton has sat with the right colleagues at the circular table in their workshop-punctuated conference room to poll the voters, the votes in key cases have been 6-3 or 5-4—with Linkins and his liberal colleagues dissenting. So frequently has this been the case that the majority opinions by Linkins and Justices Whitford, Sweeney and Brian Dickson are known in legal circles as “une” (for the *unelected* unequals).

liberals in the split and the court's prevailing conservatism highlights this month as the first ones in the fall session are being heard with two new judges on the bench. "The balance of power between liberals and conservatives is up for grabs," notes University of Toronto political economist Peter Russell, a leading authority on the High Court. With three more vacancies to come in the next five years, the federal government will have the opportunity to shape the more and style of the court until the end of the century.

[illegible]

that to suggest one orientation or the other," says Ed Rubenstein, professor of law at the University of Ottawa and a former adviser on judicial appointments.

Eskey is regarded as the most likely Saskin ally. When he was named to the Ontario court, for example, Eskey told supporters that the solution to crime "was not and should not be" more police, but rather, "more law enforcement, more correctly, economic adjustment in society. As a lawyer, however, Eskey represented major corporations and, as a commissioner appointed by the federal government before the 1974 election, he attacked the small companies of profiteering charges. Eskey also was an administrative reformer during his brief tenure as chief justice in Ontario and during an earlier stint as head of the small business.

Pratt, who revitalized the Laval law school in the early 1980s, was a conservative lawyer and an opponent of Quebec premier Jean Lesage and Daniel Johnson. Like Enay, Pratt is a voracious worker who has been known to take telephone calls in his office shortly after 7 a.m. "I think he's somewhat right of center," says a leading Montreal attorney. "He's certainly not as far left as Enay, but this kind tends to guard what you don't know where he stands ideologically."

The unusual finding of the court's intervenors in Mt. Austin Ronald MacDonald, 70, as a creative genius who was gaffed when the Trudeau government gave him over 12 acres of Indian land in 1975 after only 12 acres on the chart. The two recent verdicts were caused with the departure of two members of the so-called "Mustard Stick" Mr. Justice Wilfred Justice, who cracked the mandatory statement of 1975 his July, and Mr. Justice Louis-Philippe of Grampian, 68 who resigned abruptly after two and a half years on the bench to return to his position in Montreal. A leading figure in the fast-paced Montreal legal community, Dr Grampian was unhappy in Ottawa and apparently needed the hectic life in court.

Large: liberal or moderate — not as yet





Pierre in the flight of centre—maybe

judge on Laker's court was no way to cap his legal career.

There is no doubt the man's profile will remain high in the months ahead. A series of judgments is expected soon in the crucial area of provincial jurisdiction over national matters. One case involves the right of a provincial citizenship board in Nova Scotia to ban the movie *Last Tango in Paris*, another lines out of Quebec's refusal to allow Kellogg's to use cartoon characters in children's advertising, a third relates to Quebec's right to issue cable television licences. In addition to deciding areas at the heart of the great Confederation debate, Justice presumably will want to see his court move in a direction that is more to his style and liking. As he once observed: "No responsible judge can render flesh of dissent." ROBERT LEWIS

## OTTAWA

### Reaching for the sky

The embroilment of Transport was clearly marked confidential. Nevertheless, it became public knowledge during hearings in Ottawa last month, revealing a behind-the-scenes power struggle between beleaguered Transport Minister, Denis Lang (member Nations' party) and the president of the Canadian Transport Commission, Edgar Benson. At issue was the vexing question: how and when will Canadians get low-cost charter flights within their own borders?

The issue was set when Lang wrote privately to Benson last July suggesting that the CTC conduct its scheduled public hearings on the pros and cons of introducing Advanced Booking Charters (ABCs) in Canada. There could be a conflict between a CTC decision and the domestic charter policy currently being developed by Lang's department, the minister said, and he went on to suggest that the CTC take over pertinent documentation to him "on a confidential basis."

Benson fired off a tart reply. Not only would he proceed with his hearings, but he was moving them ahead. Air Canada refused to supply Benson with the minutes only those documents "open for inspection to any interested party prior to the public hearings." So three weeks of hearings began on September 12 in Ottawa, and the Lang-Benson correspondence was made public in the second week, exposing the transport minister to a good deal of verbal abuse for his perceived interference with an independent quasi-judicial body. Greg Kuntz, a lawyer for the Consumers' Association of Canada—one of about 13 parties to appear before the hearing—considered Lang's action "immediately deserving of its like interfering with a court."

The Benson-Lang dispute was an unexpected side-show to the main argument over charters. The major air lines, Air Canada and CP Air, strongly oppose charter plans, fearing they would lose apart the delicate fabric of the country's scheduled air network. Lined up in front of domestic

charters was just about everybody else, including the Consumers' Association, which, incidentally, based appeals, the federal Ministry of Transport and almost all regional and supplementary air carriers. Their hope was to get rid of the prevailing regulatory aberration that makes it possible for Canadians to travel thousands of miles abroad for less than it costs to fly within their own country.

But Air Canada and CP Air feel their existing Charter Class Canada Fares (CCTCs) can provide enough low-cost domestic flights. Though all CTCs were sold out early this summer (they require at least 45 days advance booking and the passenger majority for 10 to 30 days in that direction), the airlines are expanding the service for 1985.

All the same, the smaller operators are making contingency plans, banking on approval for domestic charter flights. Kenneth Nutman, vice-president of Sunair, Canada's largest non-wholesaler, says his company has laid out more than 10 charter flights across the country, at prices as low as \$199 between Toronto and Vancouver (compared to Air Canada's CCTC fare of \$222).

For now, the domestic charter question remains up in the air. The CTC staff rejected an earlier Sunair's application for domestic fares this year, but the balance of evidence is in favor of charters now suggests they have a better chance than ever around. The CTC's recommendations could be made public at any time—probably range from late October to Christmas—and they will then go to Lang for final approval. Benson's report will carry the weight of three weeks of evidence, and despite the tensions and frictions revealed in the Lang-Benson correspondence, the minister would have a hard time opposing an conclusions. JACQUELINE LARREE FOR

Lang (left) and a resort in the Roberts Roadhouse (below) See Canada First in a fine line, it's Canada—could afford it



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# A renegade in power

Is Jack Homer still his own man? Or Pierre Trudeau's?

By Robert Lewis

Jack Homer is back to open the fall fair in the home of his father's birth. Shawville is an Anglo-Saxon island in western Quebec where some 20 Homer families are related by blood and generations of Conservative politics. Tonight, after the parade of head-first-cooked-princeps (one of them a Homer) and the same auction (two raised by Homer), Jack is surrounded by four generations of the family in the home of his cousin Maynard and her husband, Donald Dods. Along with coffee and the date squares, Homer gets an intense ranting about his youth to the Liberal party last April.

"You let a lot of Conservatives down," Maynard says, handing Jack into a tattered copy of his political memoirs. Sharkey, another cousin from Montreal, enquires about the fate of Homer's near kinsman. Throwing his head back with a hearty laugh, Jack confesses that she, too, has changed. "Sharkey freewill, her whole face a vision of horror, and cracks: "No, Jack, she's gone too!"

In the Homer clan becoming a Liberal can be a fate worse than death. With roots planted firmly in first Western prairie, the family is Canada's only true blue political dynasty. The patriarch, the late Ralph Byron, was a hard master for John Diefenbaker and a Conservative Senator, after he moved to Saskatchewan in the early 1960s as a trader and horse trader. Father of the six sons, Hugh, Jack and Norval, and nephew Albert became men in Ottawa (Hugh is now Minister of Transportation in Prime Leppard's Alberta government). The three daughters went into the Conservative office and into, a holdout and, is a regional director on the party's national executive. Jack, of course, his first became Pierre Trudeau's Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce.

Homer's politics: their politics with a twist. Their party banner and their sparkling eyes reveal an unbridled joy for the craft. Tonight in Shawville, skipping their thighs and chortling into the late hours, the Homers across Jack of tel-

ling his seed to the evil Grits for the promise of a Senate seat or a trust fund. Homer downfalls and deflates Pierre Trudeau, of all people, whom he once likened to Hitler. Several Homer cousins to arrive the toughest test of all in his campaign to replace a remarkable political conviction that was also the Achilles' heel of Canterbury young the Honourable. Chabot came.

For 10 years in a verbal battle in the Conservative Homer sponsored Western Conservatives. He ruled against the high price of Liberalism and all their works.



With Trudeau following his own path as a cabinet minister and (right) Homer as the longest serving Conservative...

from shortness and shakiness of hanging to suffocation and merriment. "Canada cannot afford to let Trudeau win in 1979," he said last year during his campaign for the Conservative leadership. "Joe Clark could do a whole lot better job than Trudeau," he proclaimed last December. Having said all of that—and more—Homer these days can be found out on the road, answering what he calls "The Sell" of bourgeois and his room. His push has nothing to do with experts and the trade balance, and everything to do with deliberance—his own in the mid-central Alberta constituency of Crowfoot and the Liberal Party's in Alberta at the next election. In both places, where Conservative and anti-Trudeau feeling run deep, Homer is moving heavy resistance. Even his personal fortunes in Crowfoot, curved mostly out of an area now represented by PC Arnold McLean, are still uncertain. "I've lost three or five seats in Alberta," says one experienced Liberal organizer, "Homer's in the fourth or the sixth."

In Edmonton last August there was a feature of the campaign in Homer was based when he walked onto the field at half-time during a CFL football game to deliver a federal cheque toward the cost of next year's Commonwealth Games. The incident prompted gaffes in Ottawa political circles that Homer is now the only fix who has to wear a helmet on the road. A month later as Calgary Homer was invited again when he appeared to the majority guest during the taping of CBC panel show, *Front Page Challenge*.

On a night in early September, at the very hour the show was on the air, Homer walks into the midst of another group of disbelievers in Calgary from the old and his voluntary. Homer a lack in town as he puts it privately, "to knock that thing on the head before it gets momentum back out." Homer's big, powerful head drops through the air as he says, "Let's be frank. There aren't more than one or two eyes out there who think that Joe Clark can win the next election." From the back of the room comes a derisive, plus-speak, whisper, "Balls!" Homer shrugs and bows back. "I've got my balls. I hope you find yours."

Homer's search for a rose begins after the shock of his defeat in the Conservative leadership. A man of considerable ego, he says, "I still don't know why I lost." Predictably, Homer scored working under Clark, his mentor from Alberta whom he dismissed as "a high-school debater," although Clark sent out of his way to seem moderate the sensitive member. After René Lévesque's election, Homer's view crystallized that Clark couldn't win against Trudeau, and, given his absolute hatred of long, he climbed into a deep depression last spring. He was open for Trudeau's push that he join the senior consorts in a voice of





Women's Canadian grievances. After 19 years in opposition, always singing at bars when it was too late to change them, Harris decided "there comes a point when you can't keep looking your head against the wall."

Two aspects of Trudeau's approach to Harris were revealing. On the one hand he was successfully appealing to Harris's

With old friend, leader and compatriot, Chrétien at the latter's birthday party in September: no hard feelings?

evicting macho instincts with a challenge that Jack interpreted as "Was I a mouse or a rat?" But Trudeau also struck a responsive chord in a less visible role of Harris—an innocent born of the years of being dis-

missed as a yahoo-creebie. Harris was taken by the fact that, over their drink at 24 Sussex Drive, Trudeau "treated me as an equal."

All his life Harris's brash, outspoken ways have obscured his sensitivity and an inner yearning for respect. He grew up in a competitive family: the middle child of nine, where success was demanded by an overbearing father. But Harris dropped out of intensity midway through his first year and, until his election in 1993, ran his ranch while his brothers went on to careers as doctors and teachers and lawyers. In the saloons of Montreal and Toronto and in the Ottawa Press Gallery, the fact that Harris could rope a calf, break a horse and tiff-squash, overshadowed his genuine grasp of government policies and backroom politicking. He recognized that his popular image had hurt him deeply. "It was a handicap that stopped me from reaching what I thought was my potential," he said softly, gazing out a window over Parliament Hill. "The media are human beings and they're lazy. It's much easier to stereotype politicians and I got stereotyped early in life. I couldn't shake it."

Not that he wanted to. "I always liked agriculture," Harris went on, "and the outdoor life. I was never, never ashamed of it. I wanted to be me: never a phony. The joy in life is the feeling and enjoying, not being behind some veneer. But I grew up in an era when there was quite a differ-

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entiation between city and country music. I was always conscious of that. I never really ended up as cowboy, because I didn't have time to spend doing it. But I never made it either as an urban person who covered his feelings."

At times, Homer was a maverick in a town of snail-hy and tight asses and he was burned frequently for being open and emotional. During my own travels with him, Homer indicated that in all his private meetings and meals and relaxed, one of vanity, to answer only one question—about his weight, which is visible on the outside and his middle.

Over the years Homer and his band (just feet two inches) to intimidate people. One night several years ago in Ottawa, with the house down and his housemate Western colleagues gathered about, Homer took on the toughest security guard on Parliament Hill in one wrestling, and now. Another night after a session at Government House, he and sleeping Nova Scotia MP Pat Nowke ended up wrestling in a newsroom. Homer, a taste out, was a reluctant participant—or so he says. "There's still something about being the toughest guy in town. A lot of guys have tried to challenge me. But a long time ago I learned that I wasn't the toughest guy around. I'd walk a

long way to stay out of a fight. The last one I had was when I was 16."

Homer, however, was usually at the centre of the American Conservative political scene. He staunchly defended party leader John Diefenbaker and repeatedly defeated Robert Stanfield, helping to drive him to an early retirement. Liberals, meanwhile, dropped Homer for his brutal personal attacks and for opposing their political policies. Unlike Stanfield and Clark, the Liberals have changed their views about Homer.

The language issue is a case in point. Homer's reputation is that of a bigot who opposed French. He did, in fact, vote against the Official Languages Act. He mostly won't even speak French, but he has never entered such sympathy for francophone supporters. But Homer's criticism of the policy eight years ago that not enough emphasis was placed on teaching children French, has won the test of time and has been adopted by the liberals.

Homer aims to keep pushing the liberals hard to the right. "I tried my damndest to make the Conservative Party a conservative party," he said during his first meeting with the Liberal Association last month in Cornwall, Alta. "I don't mind admitting that I failed. But there are just as many right-wingers on the front bench of the Liberal Party as there are on the Conservative. There is no difference in political parties. It's the individuals who make the difference."

Homer is nothing if not an individual and during the 150 miles northeast from Calgary to his ranch, it's easy to see why. The sky still feels like a far as the eye can see to the horizon. Homer calls it "my country." This stretch of whips, oaks, a mixture of white and grey, some pines, on a massive blue dome. The land here is flat as a table. The blue of the horizon and coffee-colored chest grass, back fence and create a broken only by the occasional red flag on the neck of an oil well and gas wells that change like bricks from one new section to the next. The air is dry and hot. Everything is larger than life. He has been stuck at the ranch since the size of his back seat. Gleaming aluminum Quonset hut. \$50,000 truck, with air-conditioning and car stereo, holding \$15,000 worth of cash, the fields of wheat and soy like enchanted deserts. Under the giant sky, close to the land, you suddenly feel much smaller and pretense. It's a place for standing square, walking tall and talking big for long things as your own reflection break down for punning against the weather and the noble wisdom, far calling against governments—all of which John Henry Homer has done for most of his 50 years.

"He goes through the performance in Ottawa," Homer's friend and staff chief, Fred Thomson, observed. "But not there, he's really at home." Says Homer himself, "I really do love two lives." When he made



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his first trip to Toronto in a youth, he recalls, he kept trying to find Lake Ontario through the form of skyscraper. "Looking back," he says, "I realized I was just trying to find some space."

Horne's family stretches for 11 miles in one direction, in all a total of 16,000 acres of grazing land and wheat fields, surrounded by 60 miles of barbed wire. With the 6,000 acres opened up by Horne's married son, Bruce, 26, the family controls more than a Prairie township. Horne has worked the spread since 1943 when he moved away from the family farm at Blaine Lake, Sask., as a 19-year-old bachelor. His father helped out with the purchase, but Horne has converted the original dusty homestead into a modern, mechanized business.

Deer and antelope actually do roam his range, but there also 350 Herefords, 45 line and lucky thoughtless quarter horses which are Horne's special delight, electrically metered wheat fields, and about 10 per cent of wells. Typical farms in the area gross about \$50,000 a year, but the average (one million to \$1.5 million) is heavy and the variables (weather, prices and government policy) are as unpredictable as cold-war Las Vegas.

Most of the work now is done by two strapping Horne sons still at home: Craig, 24, who has a wife, and Brent, 21, who is currently taking courses at Olsch agricultural college. Both boys would like to stay on the land. Horne's wife of 17 years, Lucille, also stays at home while Jack continues to bus himself in Ottawa. At the end of the week-end he drives himself into Calgary in a three-year-old half-ton truck, returning late Friday when possible.

Brent is a warm and down-home woman who grew up in nearby Sengrey. She taught school before meeting Jack at a local dance and, finally, as the family anchor. She is perfectly content to tend to affairs at the sprawling ranch house, a modern bungalow with indoor pool which Horne built in 1967. "People think that

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From the frequent affectionate pats and hand-holding, it is unambiguously obvious that the Horners enjoy a warm relationship. Fixating around the house in his stocking feet, Jack is relaxed, quiet and whimsical. Linda, in turn, is protective of their privacy and has suffered through the pain as the felt Jack was withdrawn by the pain. "I don't trust warmish," she admonishes evenly while pointing a second cup of morning coffee.

For a time, when the boys were young, the family lived in a home in downtown Ottawa, while hand-knit socks waited the rack. "In the city," says Horner, "well, some kids get to delivering newspapers, but mostly they get used to keeping around." So the family moved back to Belleville which, until the Depression and the worldwide downturn of the land in the Thirties, was a thriving community. New Belleville, named after a farmer who was post master, is little more than a wind-blown ding for oil tankers and a parking lot for a handful of mobile homes for the men who make the steel and gas rigs. The old spirit of community is evident, though, in the two sheets of artificial ice at the modest curling rink, the money for which was raised when Horner organized a sale of donated scrap metal. Grocery shopping, banking and the mail are 50 miles away by gravel roads in the towns of Brooks and Hanna.

"It's a way of life," says Horner as he bumps along the ridge in his mud-spattered truck, the odometer pushing 99,000 miles. "You plant the crops and you make them grow. You are your own and horses and you know the good ones and the bad ones. You get a real feeling."

It is a fairly tradition that has been passed from one generation to the next. Growing up, a Horner boy knew that when his older brothers went off to school, as Jack puts it, "I was your man to run the place. You accepted responsibility very early. You made the decisions and, if they were wrong, because help you when Dad came home, you stayed out of sight for a couple of days." Jack still remembers the day his father returned from Senate duties in Ottawa and he dined out a longer looking. "That's hard to take," says Jack. "When you're 14 or 15 and you've been out in the house all day keeping, lighting the fires and mosquitoes. But I guess it's a nice once-out of you early."

Horner's relationship with his sons has been a riddle—older brothers formed working the land and, to be sure, the heated argument about where to store the winter feed and what crops to plant. But in the process the old home-made traditions were passed to a new generation. On a Sunday morning, while Linda cleans the dishes, Jack and Craig sit at the breakfast table overlooking the yard from the coop of eye the boys have just started to combine.

Mostly, they people the multiphasic and division of rods, dirt and mileage and rector the field-wet procedure (13 or 14 heads) to the acre—"which," Jack allows, "is about what you thought it would do by looking at it anyway, but it helps the boys learn. It's something that is really passed on. I'd be really surprised if Blake didn't count his kids the same way."

The best of 30 antelope sprinting in a brown was across the brow of the golden where field is a breathtaking sight. But Horner is not awed at all. "Kawab," he cusses, repeatedly looking the truck here as he surveys the tangled web of dirt down the field. The truck bumps to a halt on a mud

overlooking Berry Creek, a small remnant of an A. Y. Jackson landscape. The popular grove by the creek has started to turn to yellow and orange in the early fall air. "It just seems like up," Horner steps, breaking the silence as he sits on a rock overlooking the creek below. "Look at this dog of water."

Provincial imprints officials, it seems, shot off the flow from a case which feeds the creek during the hot, dry summer. Now, when he doesn't need the water, the homeowners have made it flow again. "Rain all but water," Horner says. "Then some donkey shits it off. They should get out and work on the land, one month every



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year, two months every two years like the Chaperon, so they'd know something about how much you want on water. It makes me hot!"

"Now, monks are all for some," says Horner when I ask him if that is a typical place for him on his land. "Swan here with my horses years ago. In the spring of '85 she ran bank-to-bank. It's just going to run into the ocean now. Hudson Bay is where it's going to end up now."

For Horner, the importance of animals, land and water is what can be done with them. The only thing he identifies is the staff the cattle eat. Looking down at the staff the cattle eat, he scoffs, "No good for anything." He can't get excited in the least about the animals in such places as Calgary about the loss of nearby farms to industry—not with all the acreage out here. "This land," he insists, "would be made more productive. The whole country should be ditched," he goes on, smiling.

Smiling the grounds of parliament offer his conversion much to learn, much to teach



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# A GREAT CHOICE

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about the politics of his brother's government. "The money they have to spend in Edmonton is pretty nearly identical. What they do with it is pretty nearly shameful."

As for the environmentalists, "they say no." Why, he's noticed that the city that was declared over a pipeline-ravaged underground river has trash bins that have grown up greener and taller because, he promises, the trench that was dug for the pipe broke up the hard pan soil which inhibited the growth. "Nature can really heal itself," he concludes.

We left abruptly off the twisted roadway into a field where 10 moose are grazing with their six-month-old cubs. Horner's mood

softens, as he points out his favourite. "That's a red-legged cock," he enthuses, gazing at a Redstart. With a loving look at the male, 35-year-old Horner, flower-admiring, "She couldn't possibly raise a bad home. I need her as a two-year-old. It's like raising kids, they suck have their own personality."

Horner's own making is more complex than it appears on the surface. Obviously he is a brash, barking phenomenon with an unhealthy affinity to the big oil companies and cattle barons. But the lesson he's learned on the land also refines his politics with a naked populism and a devilish

ambition. In his own words, "I'm a self-investigator, streak. Raising along back roads in Crowfoot, he still keeps a misanthropic eye out for the law, which has nailed him more than once for speeding. He scorn the new meter system as "a nuisance," even though not all Highway Patrol officers of the first provincial measures to implement the scheme.

Horner was never an unqualified party man, either. He was embarrassed by Trudeau's failure to support his candidacy that he wrote a letter to the editor warning him of letting Horner down. During a seven-and-a-half-hour session with high-school students in Hinton, Alta., where Senator Norval is the principal, Horner declared, "If you sell your soul to a political party, you forfeit your right to think."

In Liberal circles, where cheap oil is preferred to bulls, not everyone is totally at one with Horner in the baryard. "He's a real bomb," says one of Horner's cabinet colleagues, "and he could go off in any direction." But in his short six months in the Trudeau cabinet, Horner has gradually won the respect of most ministers. For one, former minister Donald Macdonald originally pointed Horner's recruitment to Jim Cowie, Trudeau's chief of staff. But he changed his assessment after watching the party's old money in action on the inside. Already Horner has been instrumental in blocking the government to accept a massive investment in West, where the farmers were disgruntled, and he was a vocal backer on the decision to go ahead with an Arctic pipeline. He has lured Doyle Kuntz, the son of a former Tory MP, to be his special assistant and set him up in Canmore, a town of 10,000 which is the major centre in the expanded northern part of his riding, where 70% of the voters are new to Horner. He is saying from there is vote for Horner instead of against the Conservatives.

Unlike many Trudeau ministers, Horner has clear views about what he wants to do in his new job. His focus is "natural resource authority" is an realistic, predictable quota on imports for the cattle industry. He believes that Canada should bargain sales of natural gas to the United States for American purchases of Alberta pharmaceuticals. He wants to establish a climate, as he told pension fund executives in Jasper last month, "in which you need not fear government intervention."

Horner's success with government intervention, his free-trade opponents and his own personal conservatism are likely to land him in some heated cabinet scraps—over, for example, foreign investment, protective quotas for the Quebec textile industry and energy policies. He has already had his first row with Agriculture Minister Glen Wedman, the first in what promises to be a series over a proposal to move the Ottawa headquarters of the Farm Credit Corporation to—yes, guessed it—Canmore. Also, despite Wedman's opposition, Horner was his argument in cabinet and the move was approved.

The key to Horner's future prospects is

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calmness depend largely on the support he gets from Trudeau, whose cool and aloof leadership, lauded by paper instead of people, makes the rest an unlikely comrade of the last ten years. Realigning himself. So far, however, Trudeau seems determined that Horner succeed. The man, who is noted for something with his mistakes, turned up as a party for Horner at the home of Jean Fairbairn, his legislative aide and a longtime Horner adviser. Trudeau, who once confessed in exasperation: "You know I never understood the West," also eagerly took on Horner's views as outlined on such issues as energy and transportation. After listening to Horner at his last cabinet session outlining the opposition building in the West to the steel industry (fisheries instead of steel). Trudeau told the rest of his ministers with an icy stare and noted that point had not been made before.

Horner's biggest problem, given the heavy burden of his new portfolio, likely will be maintaining his links with the land

and the people, and that his ally, who has already noted with surprise that the Trudeau cabinet ministers have little sense of consensus and he would find himself isolated without support when he needs it. Calgary Conservative Mr. Harvie Andre, who has lost \$100 that Horner won't get elected, also cautions: "Jack has a great big ego and he just can't stand not having the answers to problems."

Against the grey Ottawa canvas, Horner is less promising to be a refreshing and powerful presence in a minister among more tired souls. Along with the steady Don Johnston in External Affairs and Jean Chretien in Finance, he will bring a more partisan edge to the government's tech-economic team.

Whether the dynamic Liberal Party can survive a Horner, let alone the family in another question, Horner is well aware of the skepticism within, but remains regally steady. "In my mind, the Liberal Party is equally as dead." If in Horner's mind, it falls the test, some day soon he may be back making his rings joyfully, knocking the cable league with a whoop as the scores on his domain. ☐

With chief of staff Peter Thomson in Ottawa: something between two worlds



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# McNee of the Yard

A policeman's lot is still not a happy one

By Arturo F. Gonzalez

"Look at it this way," says a weary-faced detective, his horn too copped around a pit in the Yard, the cop's opportunity path hidden deep in the bowels of the New Scotland Yard-Metropole, just a five-minute walk from Britain's Houses of Parliament. "This new gear set of ours used to be the top cop in Glasgow. There are artists in this God-forsaken city where any adult male who hasn't had one or both ears nailed off in a brawl is considered a queer."

McNee can sort out that tough lot, any thing is he'll do okay here at the Yard since a tough breaking-in period of time."

Like every other British bobby, the detective is trying to figure out 55-year-old head McNee, the chunky, no-nonsense, 55-inch-tall Scot who has recently taken on the top cop at the Yard. A back-of-the-head, tough, serious-looking man, McNee is a rank, considered from the top police post in Britain: Superintendent, not a London leader who has worked his way, year by patient year, up Scotland Yard's career promotion ladder. "McNee?" was the Yard's almost unanimous reaction when Sir Robert Mark's surprise successor took over a few months ago.

Technically, McNee is only another British city police chief, responsible for

public order over London's 480-square miles of shops, homes, offices, parks, vast areas of government, royal residences and 54-miles of rivers, docks and canals. But in a country that has no national law enforcement organization akin to the American FBI, McNee becomes, de facto, the country's top cop. And the relevance of a post, period, but not somewhat staid, incident: McNee has arrived at the Yard in troubled times. Thirteen of his top detectives recently were flag-marched into court for accepting bribes. He was forced to issue riot shields to his subordinates for the first time in London's history, when 270 of them were injured in an ugly Lewisham riot last year. His ranks are 4,000 men, under strength and the recruits are unimpressive in the way they are used. There are even rumors of a police strike in the fall, over inadequate pay.

Crucial in this essentially genial and non-violent country is suddenly on the upswing. In recession-blasted Britain, with 1.6 million unemployed, the better boys and the rock-music love have been out in force in violent riots. Says McNee, snubbing to their neighbors, "I have no intention of absolving my responsibility as the head of people who threaten to achieve their ends by violent means, come what may."

McNee's 21,000 overcrowded men and women in blue are trying to keep the violence at bay over an area roughly 30 miles in diameter, which contains a fifth of England's population, a third of its arms and a fifth of the country's total police. Currently, the traditional police blue lights shine over 198 station houses. One of McNee's most painful early duties may be to preside over the closing of two thirds of these in an evening's news.

The command post for McNee's crime fighting is his corner office on the eighth floor of the anonymous, two-towered office block which has been "New" Scotland Yard for 10 years now. Its 500,000 square feet of office are home for about 1,000 headquarters staff. An electronic-stored information room boasts with the number of duty officers roving tomorrow's pending 199 emergency telephone calls, sending patrol cars and footmen on footmen after trouble. Computers pass working out the traffic snarl of London's three million cars blocking their way over 3,600 miles of overcrowded roads. Another floor has been specially arranged to take the weight of 4.5 million files on criminal suspects detaining everything from their nicknames and their tattoos to their forefathers' names.

McNee (above) and his boss, London: The officers are training, the building order is crumbling, and the response to criminals is



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Glasgow police superintendent. "Not by violence or shouting—my fact he's a very quiet-spoken man. It's more the way he looks at them with those blue eyes of his. He's got a laser beam gaze. Totally intimidating. That look is enough to make officers using old-fashioned about-face-and-stand methods. Hard to believe, but I've seen really vicious characters whose eyes under that gaze and up and up not only by cooperating but by calling them 'Sir'."

What does eyed some of London's most senior and sophisticated cops at the moment?

In the Lewisham race riot last August, some 300 policemen were injured, and for the first time riot shields were issued.

McNee's appointment was his reputation for being a bit of a religious fanatic. A devout Presbyterian, he's so eager at St. George's Trust Church, Glasgow. He also corresponds regularly with Bill Graham, but the faith about his faith seems to have been eroded. McNee swears when he's paid. And he likes an occasional gin when off duty. "After the working day," he con-

cludes. "Officers who drink on duty will have to watch their step. It's not the risk it is right for officers to smell of drink when on duty."

Some of the Yard's fear that this new boss was a totaliser stemmed from an incident where McNee tossed the Glasgow police force. He instructed his men not to have built parties in station houses—a tradition which had sprung up since a man was promoted. "It wasn't that he was opposed to having the old drink around the station house," a former aide explains. "McNee just didn't like the idea of neighbors seeing their policemen having lots of party houses open under a police roof. 'We are police officers,' McNee said his men. 'Our problem can be 100%.' That's not a job—it's a cause."

McNee laughs to his reputation of being a bit of a blowout. "I've been called the Hammer. I didn't know I had that name and Fleet Street connected it. But as long as it's kept in the context of being the Hammer of the underworld I'm quite happy. It's been suggested that I'm a stern disciplinarian. I prefer to think of myself as a person who's always trying to improve standards. My aim is to achieve the highest possible standard for the force. I believe this is what the public wants of me, and I don't intend to disappoint them."

The stern Scot from a town in London with any one street witness in the fight against the growing British crime rate—only a resolve to put more police out on the

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# "They seem impressed when I describe the immensity of Canada's Tar Sands."



John Lynn—Manager of Construction

*Well over 3,000 people from Canada and many other parts of the world have been escorted on tours of Fort McMurray and the Syncrude construction site by Syncrude team members such as John Lynn.*

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"I explained to him that an unbelievably large work force would be required to build and operate so many Syncrude-sized plants. After all, it took a peak work force of more than 7,500 men and women to build this plant which will be mining an area of just over ten square miles.

"I also pointed out that most of the tar sand

is too far underground to be recovered through our present mining techniques. Unfortunately, methods to recover these deeper deposits have yet to be perfected.

"Finally, I explained that Syncrude is something of a test case—for other companies waiting to see if we've got what it takes to make the tar sands a paying proposition. Well, there's certainly no doubt in my mind'



"I believe this project is going to be one huge success story for Canada. All plant construction is on or ahead of schedule. Hiring is going well. The spirit is tremendous.

"My wife and I even had to plan our visit to Scotland around the construction schedule because I wouldn't leave until I saw the first dragline in operation."

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**Grimey fixer at the Yard: just not enough eyes to keep up with the cracks**

best where they can be seen. "Frankly, there's no more important men in the police service than the best constables, whether he be on foot or in a car—and I prefer him to be on foot wherever possible. He's the first person to meet the public, usually in a moment of crisis, and on his quick actions rests that member of the public's impression of the whole force."

Back then, central London is approximately 400 yards by 200 yards, with 4,000 officers under the constable's watchful eye. The wisdom of sending him out on a prescribed beat seems back decades ago, before the advent of radio. So the sergeant

at the station house could theoretically know approximately where each constable was supposed to be at each moment of the day or night.

The alternative to men patrolling the beat, which McNee fears is "fine brigade" policing. Cops in the station house with fast cars waiting to speed out where crime details are phoned in. If this comes, it will be because McNee has failed to solve the Yard's biggest current problem: loss of manpower.

"We've about 4,000 men under our authorized strength," he sighs. Recruiting drives haven't had the hoped-for success. Young policemen are quitting after five or six years and going into private security firms, or accepting less glamorous where the pay levels and working conditions are better. Says one officer, "Our present policy is to lose the kids and spread the house more thinly. But that only works for so long. Senior police stations that used to house several dozen officers are now down to three or four. Recently a man in Kensington caught two shoplifters. But we couldn't spare an officer to go down and take them in. So the shop went closing for the night. The manager had to settle for giving his goods back and turning the thieves loose."

When Sir Robert Mark retired, he turned over the keys to his office to McNee with words of warning: "End're collecting 400 fewer men than Scotland Yard had in

1951, when the metropolitan area was smaller; the police working-week longer; and the crime rate one-twentieth of its current level."

Keeping the young cops if they recruit is another major problem in the Yard. "The danger sign is 23 to 26," says Eric Wright, a police spokesman. "They get married and the wife finds there's some social stigma in her husband being a copper. There's shift work so the eldest son can't see his kids, and the bloke next door is making more on the assembly line. Then don't the national-unionists tread today. Mum's too busy playing bridge and Dad's watching the telly, so no one teaches the kids about authority. When they grow up, who wants to be a policeman?"

There's another reason why being a cop is no longer a British glamour job: growing evidence of entrenched police corruption inside the Yard. McNee cautions he won't tolerate a life center he presided over on his tenure. "It's dirty, it's bad." Sir Robert got rid of some 40 policemen in a wholesale purge which is still going on. One convicted porn squad detective, Bill Moody, was serving \$48,000 annually so when he left his day book says: "I've spent without knowledge. He's behind bars for 12 years but often equally so guilty may still be in uniform."

But Whitaker, a former cop and writer of a book called *The Police*, says that one British copper in 10 has probably taken a

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### East-walking in Trafalgar Square: the Blue-bus bus goes to Dover and Rhinoceros

tip-or-bribe. People used to say, 'You cannot buy the Yard,' but in recent years an awful lot of villains seem to have been able to rent it. Stamping out the old-boy network inside the Yard which protects bad cops is going to be one of MacDon's most difficult tasks. He recently made an announcement to it by appointing a woman 49-year-old Commander Daphne Sellers, to head up the Peer Squad, the first time a woman has held this sensitive—and in the past, veritable—post.

The newspapers recently have been full of headlines about police brutality, so, and this has damaged morning efforts, Mayor Rosen, a genuine fellow-feeling editor, showed up at the Grunewald dispute and was arrested. He says the police talked menacingly about injuring his wife and child. The police say he violently resisted being impregnated. Whatever the truth, he fled bravely to East Germany for asylum and only recently has returned in face trial. The policeman who is alleged to have threatened him has since left the force.

Says Berthel Barthberg, a defense lawyer, "We get more and more allegations now of phone evidence being planted by the police, police searches without warrants, entrapment of homeowners. The real difficulty is that there are no independent method of dealing with cases against the police. The police themselves have been investigating and very few people have faith in this." The cops reject this somewhat lightly, saying they have orders, and one possible explanation is "to call a witness out of court and let him hang his head."

But even without the hanging his head, says a spokesman, "When Ronald McNair was complaining about police brutality, however, taking up a case to look into it, they and he will undoubtedly confront Mark's AID unit which handles public control cases."

But this has become another headache and a worry to McNee who didn't have to face much of this type of problem in Scotland. Attempts to control wildlife numbers of released bobbies have failed. And the white bobbers are increasingly ignored.

coders to take a low profile in dealing with London's growing and truly black population. In the station houses these are frequent grumbles about "talking over backward" not to alarm blacks; and being sent to and dismissed.

When you add long hours and miserable pay—about \$5,500 a year for a new body—ramping up to a modest \$30,000, McNair yells down—to all the other grievances, you end up with labor problems, and maybe even a walkout. Does McNair believe that police should hit the bricks? "I would imagine no pretty if police were given the right to strike," he says. "But having said that, I think the hobby on the left is taking great difficulty in making good on the movement."

The last time British police threatened to strike, 50 years ago, Lloyd-George quickly gave in to their cash demands. Today the signs of an revolt are ominously clear. When McNie's boss, the Home Secretary, recently addressed the Yle's officers the word went out to give the *Wiltshire* commander the "silent treatment." He sat down after his speech, red-faced, to a deathly quiet hall.

The police union has pointed out it needs policy, across-of up to 104% just to keep abreast of current British inflation. The federation's chairman, Roy Andrew, says: "This is what we need in the long run. But we intend to go now for 30% to 40%." This proposed share lies hand in the face of the Labor government's intention of keeping all salary increases at a maximum 10% level.

The TV's distractors are already taking on McVie over his plan to reduce the number of hours of paid overtime. Many have been putting in a 34-hour week. They've decided all nighters will work "by the book," dropping casual work promptly at 5 p.m., refusing to use their home phones to make unsolicited calls after hours and insisting on a police car to bring them to the station house if called in on an emergency when off duty. "Within a couple of weeks working like this, the backlog will really pay up, and the public will begin to see the effect," detects a London-based consultant in the industry. 23% of the crime committed in London drops from 36% there since 1990.

In a phrase, the police and public gay and lesbian ally very much over on David McNair. It's not the intellectual that his precinct mentor was. Sir Robert knew how to make it work for him, played the First Street game like a maestro and was a fluent debater. Obviously head and shoulders above the rest of his kind. McNair is shy about his success, mumbling when he reads candid speeches and unsure of how to project a vigorous public image for himself and his cause. But you can't get anything out of him. He's too smart. He's been a part of the uniform too long to be fooled. He knows all the tricks. In short, he's a bloody good cop. But a bloody tough guy to have as a boss. ☹

## Rocky's U.N.

The road drove (right) to the house.

"I thought it was an office building or something," the driver said. With its three full floors almost 300 feet wide, six flat roof and pine front, it looked more like a two-story late-century New York bank than a headquarters of a small, obscure, and anonymous of General Smith, until recently North America's director of a shadowy organization called the Translunar Commission, a select group of 250, whose main contributions to U.S. President Jimmy Carter have made it one of the most influential unofficial organizations in the world.

It has been used for the past several

multinational corporate interests, could not come from the present governments. It was after all, they said, President Richard Nixon who had opened the headquarters in the first place, with the so-called "No Use Shock" of August 1971, when the United States closed its doors to the world's money and began its policy of economic isolationism. The spool of truth and trade business had spun over the world at this time, they said.

The group used to assemble a body of "private citizens" from Western Europe, North America and Japan (hence the "No Use Shock") to discuss the problems of the world and to begin its policy of economic isolationism. The spool of truth and trade business had spun over the world at this time, they said.

actively controls the U.S. presidency and that the groups really agree on lobby for the multinational corporations. Only a few days before, Smith became the co-chairman of the Traditional Caudillos to be named to Carter's high administration. He was made Ambassador-in-Large, a kind of roving troubleshooter with special responsibility in the nuclear field. Vice President Walter Mondale, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski, Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal and Defense Secretary Harold Brown are former members.

The idea for the group was nurtured in Montreal early in 1972. Daniel Rodolphe, then chairman of the powerful Chase Manhattan Bank, proposed in a speech to a Chase Bank forum that the deteriorating relations between the United States, Western Europe and Japan could be improved by an organisation of sovereign "private citizens" drawn from those three regions. A few weeks later a Belgian, at the instigation of the Bilderberg group, a semi-secret club of Western corporate and political leaders headed by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Rodolphe's idea was discussed with enthusiasm.

In July, 1972, Rockefeller invited a small group of men to spend the weekend at his estate in Tarrytown, New York. There the Translators Commission was approved and a year later became official. This group included Michael Blumenthal, then head of Bendis Corporation, and Zhegnaw Kamezumi, then a professor at Columbia University.

**Repkeholder:** what's good for Chase is good for the rest of us

multinational corporate interests, could not come from the present governments. It was after all, they said, President Richard Nixon who had caused the breakdown in the first place, with the so-called "Nixon Shock" of August 1971, when the United States unilaterally went off the gold standard and began its policy of economic protectionism. This system of tariffs and trade barriers had kept the world as these men knew it.

The group agreed to assemble a body of "private citizens" from Western Europe, North America and Japan (hence the "Tri") to discuss the problems and begin a plan for remedying the destructive over-

months to return to a system of greater economic cooperation. But this was no ordinary group of private citizens. There was big money and major political clout in the initial list of 100, which read like a select version of an international Who's Who. From Europe they summoned the president of Fiat, the chairman of Daimler, the managing director of Royal Dutch/Shell and among others a Paris professor named Raymond Barre, who would later be elected Prime Minister of France.

From Japan came the president of Toyota, the chairman of Mitsubishi, the chairman of the Bank of Tokyo and a man named Koshi Mizoguchi, who would soon





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because Japan's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

From North America, they invited the chairman of Enxco, the president of Caltex, the chairman of Coca-Cola and the president of the Bank of America. From Canada, they took 10 people, including the then-chairman of MacMillan Bloedel, Robert Bonner, and former cabinet minister Jean-Luc Piquet, who would head the Asia Task Force Board and work at the core of national unity.

They also gave him their North American mission: the young governor of Georgia, Jimmy Carter. Only a few months before, the newly elected governor had sought out David Rockefeller. Rockefeller apparently was sufficiently impressed that he would later call Carter an "ideal" politician to build on. And Zhongnan became the director of the commission, would describe Carter as "admirable." Besides that, of course, would become Carter's foreign affairs adviser, and ultimately the director of U.S. foreign affairs as National Security adviser.

Not much attention was paid to the group between 1979 and 1987. That was not the time when people had founded a "rich man's club" and was it the first time such individuals had attempted to influence government. While, however, names such as Brzezinski, Vance, Mendelsohn and Kissinger seemed to appear in the very top government jobs, interest began to intensify standing at the front door of Gerald Smith's mission. I strengthened the circle in my travels. I had worn my best suit, something I had always been told to do when meeting important people. The door opened and there stood Smith, all casual elegance at work, smiling and with a slight slippage. I immediately felt my place.

"No," Gerald Smith was saying, "we certainly don't want to be considered a lobby. Under the law in the United States, an organization such as ours cannot lobby. We think of ourselves as performing an informational function. We hope our various reports are read by members of government and as such we are an influence." Does it help to have some of your members inside the government? "It doesn't hurt," he said. He called it a "good fortune" that the commission had picked Carter and Mondale. Raymond Barr, Keith Morrison and Jean-Luc Piquet. "Mr. Carter has very kindly endorsed the commission with his endorsement in foreign affairs," he added.

What about the Trilateral Commission's successful recommendation to the International Monetary Fund that it receive off a large quantity of its gold holdings? That also had come directly from the commission. They argued that the plan would provide a development fund for Third World nations. But more than one critic has pointed out that the gold auction have provided a fund of only \$500 million for the Third World but a \$60 billion profit for the rich nations. Was this recommendation just part of your "informational function"? I



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asked. He smiled. "I like to think you just got the idea a notch at the right time."

The interview ended, Smith called for a cab and poured one a gin and tonic. "There it while you wait," he said. "I have to run now."

Alan Horkin, executive vice-president of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, is an appropriate Canadian choice as a commission member. He is a prominent member of the financial community and has 23 years' experience in the public sector. Horkin brings to the commission the combination of government and private-sector financial interests which the commission addresses. The Canadian outlook's view of the commission is vastly different from that of the Americans, he said. "People like Rockefeller and Richard Cooper [former president of Yale and now Canada's Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs] see the commission as being a direct influence on government decision-making. We [Canadians] think of the commission as an advising body. This report so commission are to make people aware of international problems."

Horkin's views are echoed by his old friend Marshall Sharp. Sharp has, in the past year, replaced Jean-Luc Pélissier as head of the Canadian contingent. Because of his government appointment Pélissier had to resign from active service on the commission. They a few weeks ago Sharp was widely deputy chairman of the whole North American group.

"There's no doubt," Sharp said, "that the commission's aim is to affect government. But," he added, "I don't think that the influence of this group is any greater than the total power of the individual members would be without the commission."

The former cabinet minister, former civil servant, former multinational executive (see working extraordinary short so many members now being inside government). "It just shows that those who made the initial choice, chose well," he said. "I think the public was well served by having Jimmy Carter brought into contact with leaders of people. I suspect how should his supporting one. He got to know that people he should know—the people he'll have to deal with."

I asked about the programs he expects the Transatlantic Commission, with its new-found influence, to push for. "We've been pretty successful in encouraging investigation among the three regions," he said. "Now we're beginning to talk about special roles for the 'developing countries': Germany, Japan and the United States. These nations will promote productivity throughout the industrialized world."

Remembered if the commission's declared intention to aid the underdeveloped nations, he quickly added: "You know, the worst thing that could happen to the Third World is a recession in the developed world. We have to avoid this."



Sharp: the delegate from Canada

The door, simply marked 3600, in Rockefeller Centre in New York, gives no indication of the power that lies inside the famous 3600. headquarters for the whole Rockefeller family empire. The security guard behind a customary desk wasn't wearing the standard security uniform but his past-tense suit seemed like one. I wanted to ask David Rockefeller about the growing whispers that the commission was conspiring for the personal gain of its members by manipulating governments. Accusations were growing but no one had asked him about it directly. As I waited nearby the African continent's interest in the money-lenders. I thought about the changes that he had gained control of the U.S. presidency. Clinton alleged that the commission is nothing but a giant lobby for the establishment. All agreed that the commission was too Rockefeller-dominated.

He laughed. "No one controls the U.S. President," Rockefeller said. "I don't believe that anybody concerned with the commission, right up to his nose in before the election, had the slightest idea that Mr. Carter was going to be President of the United States."

How had so many of the key administration positions to be filled by Rockefeller? "That's a question," he said. "It is a remarkable fact," he shrugged. "But it's a coincidence. I suppose that President Carter was influenced by the fact that the people he met on the commission had found to be very able. And when he was looking around for the most qualified people he could find, by chance he picked people from the commission."

Rockefeller added: "The area lobby has an unfortunate connection. We like to describe our impression as advice offered." And so it is representing that a commission is concerned. "You know, there are only a relatively few representatives from these competitors."



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But would the multilateral executives on the commission from rice, Coca-Cola, Mitsubishi and the others, be involved in it wasn't as clear as it is? Rockefeller sees the multilateral direction as the new business. "I suppose representatives of multibillion-dollar companies, just as other representatives, had a sense of responsibility for world problems. I don't want to assume that a businessman is incapable of having broader interests than his own selfish interest for the present or, in his business," he corrected.

Rockefeller denied concern that the commission was his "foreign policy eye." "That is rather absurd," he said, "this idea that I am the commission. I played a role in suggesting the idea... but from there on only a modest role. It's not true that I'm the largest financial contributor. Several foundations contributed as much or more." Being chairman of the executive committee and the new North American division (following Smith's still not yet seen) he had a dominating influence.

But there is something that allows David Rockefeller to control the Trilateral Commission—his name. As Cullen and Hanes point out in their portrait of *The Rockefeller*: "Directly or indirectly, 900 business corporations have little to do with the ability of the Rockefellers to tell us scientists like Henry Kissinger or Dean Rusk into the stratosphere of national power and policy." To that list can be added the name of Zbigniew Brzezinski and maybe even that of Jimmy Carter.

For the past 25 years anyway, the Rockefellers have had a profound influence on American foreign policy through U.S. foreign policy officials. Two Secretaries of State were directors of the Rockefeller Foundation: John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk. All three Secretaries of State and nearly every National Security adviser came from the Council on Foreign Relations, of which David Rockefeller is the chairman. Now the Trilateral Commission has sponsored all the present administration's foreign policy people. "Why have you found it necessary to play this role in American foreign policy?"

"I think this is an odd way of presenting it," he said. "As a citizen interested in foreign policy, I have done what I could to enrich the knowledge of non-government people as much as possible in foreign affairs. I've seen an opportunity to play what seemed to me to be a constructive role in foreign affairs. The fact that I've been successful doesn't seem to me to be a reason to have this held against me."

Leave the office. I am also a familiar face waiting for the elevator. It was Nelson Rockefeller, former Vice-President and now chairman of the modern Rockefeller, who had stood what obviously was a body guard, for badge on his hip reviewing his gun. After the ride down, I asked my public relations expert if he was secret service. "No," he replied, "they look after all that themselves."



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Am I too curious to see how you might look younger? Oil of Oluy may just answer that tantalizing question.

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You've probably noticed that the area around your eyes is one of the first places to show little lines. You may call these little wrinkles lines, creases, feet or laugh lines. Whenever the sun, air, dryness, skin dryness that makes these little lines too noticeable by applying Oil of Oluy.

Morning and evening are ideal times for Oil of Oluy. But don't limit yourself to nothing if you just wear a day. Any time that your skin feels dry or itchy, it may be asking for the gentle exfoliation of the precious beauty lotion. Then respond to your complexion's needs with extra applications of Oil of Oluy.

Oil of Oluy is too precious to waste. When you're surprised if one year's skin doesn't, use before dry skin sends attention.

"Dr. Brezinski will not be able to see you today," the National Security adviser's assistant said. It was 11 a.m. in the lobby of the West Wing of the White House. 16 hours after the time of my appointment. "He's been called in for an unexpected meeting with the President," she shrugged. At the appointed hour the next day, Brezinski's personal secretary, Jerry Schuster, formerly with Time, came out. "Yes! He'll be able to see you now, but he can't afford the half hour he promised. He's had to rewrite a speech that the President is giving tomorrow, so my word is short. And, oh yes, he's only prepared to talk about general foreign policy." That ended the Tribunal Commission "look," he said, "You've interested him before about the commission, but news hasn't changed." In 1973, as New York, he had told me, "The international situation is just too important to be left only up to the government."

In his 1970 book, *Between Two Ages*, Brezinski called for the creation of a "community of the developed nations" with a private "high level consultation council" as a necessary forerunner. He went on to write extensively about the global corporate systems that would follow like wide that he would like to remake the U.S. foreign service "operationally similar to the more efficient international corporations," which he admires for having "effectively maintained the art of accurate reporting, foreign representation and control." Brezinski also informed the abandonment of restrictions imposed by Congress on the international activities of corporations.

Looking around the White House clock full of Tribunal Commissioners, the thought occurred: what better place to understand these news than here? With in Ottawa, I had asked Brezinski if he didn't think that because of the presence of the members of the Tribunal Commission that the organization had been "overwhelmingly effective" in the government's (I single) to lobby. "I wish it were true," he had said. "It really work it would be." With Brezinski, Carter and the other law government in the United States, France, Japan, Canada and elsewhere, now it seemed so. With these people in government, drawn from what must be considered a private sector on the world's destiny and progress, with the interests of David Rockefeller and his successors) just over the place in properly. Well, whether Brezinski could come? Not very likely. But should the world, as he knows it, ever get out of such agony, Rockefeller will know who to call to set it straight.

As I left Brezinski's White House office and headed for the lobby I thought about all the Tribunal Commissioners behind all the closed doors. I stopped as a familiar face approached. General Schwarzkopf was in the hall walking toward the Oval Office. He smiled as he passed.

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Close-up/Television

## Maclear's Magazine

The same old muckraker, armed with a wider rake

By David Cobb

Michael Maclear is scratching away at a Casio old like a fussy hen. Finally it's ignored altogether. His appetite is at best a sometime thing and now he has more pressing things on his mind. The extraordinary Maclear voice, monotone but compelling, is explaining his vision of TV's current duties and dilemmas. "The box," he says, "is the intention of the old village storyteller—it answers the old anxiety to entertain the village, huddled round the fireplace a millennia ago." The word's cadence and shading—the way it fades and drops in the end of phrases, a dying fall—suggests that Maclear is a perennial pessimist, and would have been no happier with the videotape recorder than with the constant state of Canadian TV apoplexy, which he regards as at best increasingly parasitic, at worst a fraud. "What's wrong is the idea that if you have the film you have the story," he continues, listening on the horn of the Maclear gavel. "Those films, but pictures are not what matters on TV. The storytelling must come first."

Who is this man and why is he saying such sensible things about the national picture? First, and foremost, of course, Maclear is a storyteller himself—sometimes to the derision of colleagues who would mock his tendency to write "with a soft sound" at the expense of film—and

Maclear wearing an authentic leather raincoat: the world's not a fun place





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Archie, son member of the Maclean clan

for three seasons of *CIV's* Maclean he seemed the world for new viewers. But that was for 57 half hours spread between 1974 and 1977: the Maclean view and range of appearances amounted to all of them.

Now he is in a much bigger pond, as executive producer of 190 minutes of current affairs prime-time programming every week for *CIV*—30 minutes Canadian minutes on Thursdays (9:30 p.m.), 60 more international minutes on Sundays (10:30 p.m.) replacing the venerable 1975, under the umbrella title of *CIV's* Report.

This time Maclean will not have much chance to appear on the tube himself, but he has gathered around him a team of producers, journalists, very editors and so on, both that may be unsurpassed in Canadian current-affairs television. The co-hosts *CIV's* Bruce Phillips, Jack McGowan, Marlene's senior writer Barbara Amiel, André Paquette from Quebec, and Peter Trivette, just among others, who will also share both ideas (and facts). Two other frequent contributors will be Tom Gault, former *CIV* news director and Bill Stevenson, former *CBC* correspondent and author of *90 Minutes At Politics*.

In the *Maclean's* Maclean is responsible for more weekly current-affairs air time than any North American network has committed to one man before. He therefore has a unique chance to blow some fresh air against our news reporting—which he has become more, predictable, dull and dated—not to end up wearing one of the many public dance caps in tv history. He won't miss whether he can join Canadians "out of this appalling apathy," he says, "and that's a pity." But Maclean is nothing if not a pumper. "The man who has never pumper!" he once reported from Las Vegas. "In a way that's a good" by that standard the Maclean could be big enough for most of China.

Above all, useful for personal freedom is what he stands for. *CIV's* Reporters must be very closely followed by tolerance and understanding (no much in penitence of both shows will be true, not prepackaged works beforehand). At his first press conference with about 25 of his team, he thanked them for some 60 very ideas, then added "What I meant was when you felt about



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**Scotch** **3M**

your class—what suggest you, what made you happy. These programs must make decisions." He also explained that all the suggestion had ignored the obvious: "The number one priority in the country today is not Quebec, it's unemployment!"—and entered the link between his new deal with just that: "I suggest you put money down under those benches," Maclean continued, "since his room slightly over the walls of the new residential." "O God man, 3! Next-to-know, surprise prize!" He said in a voice—but it's not to have him. I'm not interested in dog-eared cows, or let's have a piggle-for-two-man item. No!"

No record. Maclean's second credo, seriously rejected, is that "there is no

## Peter Trueman is not just another pretty face

Peter Trueman was explaining to the CTV Reports staff that they should feel free to talk him "anything you think about the world we have the institutions to live in." "Another doom and gloom stuff," quipped Maclean, chuckling a little. He has often heard the same comment about himself: "Right in, down the line," said Don MacQuinn, one of Maclean's senior producers. Laugh is all round.

Not many laughs are likely to be coming our way via CTV Reports with "Trueman as combatting editor and anchorman for both shows. He stresses his boss's views on many things and sees the current state of Canadian affairs as he laughs rather. "We're facing a crisis we may well not survive," he says. "It's not just Gorbachev, it's energy, inflation, unemployment and the vast question of whether we're willing to sacrifice anything to preserve the integrity of this country. I feel very pessimistic about it." Others on his black list: Michael Moore—"the worst 60 of all time," I know it the last time I clapped eyes on him in 1980, "and I feel terrible." I believe he is evil, capricious and a phony.

Born in Saskatoon, New Brunswick—the son of Albert Trueman, first head of the Canada Council and former president of the universities at Montreal and New Brunswick—Trueman, 42, worked for the Ottawa Journal, Montreal Star, Toronto Star and the CBC before joining the Global TV network (the Ontario outlet) in 1973. As host and managing editor of two Global newscasts a day (attracting more than 450,000 viewers), Trueman is

now the screen with his personal record of warmth and gravity, and became something of a cult hero—least for his sophisticated, snoring with the network. "That's not news, but that's too in reality." This dour phrase grew into an aphorism: "How would you like it to be going up an escalator in an elevator department

store," he asks, "and have this guy scream at it? For going down? I know how people talked on the radio. For three years the radio to Maclean induced a million to 1.5 million Canadians into the repetitive Maclean mood every Thursday night, after a dishevelled of the hour's television public with the best of news anchors, a legal quack his way along the ground, this crawling over a young boy's apartment and screaming fire. Break your fingers in Ireland, at Central City facing a male assassin with a brutal approach to the gun, and a Member struggling with a demonstrator—the last of which faded into a shot of a get along off for paratroopers. The message was clear: ahead was Michael Maclean in search of fresh pool of the best in the ha-



Trueman: double, double till and trouble

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most, the folly of optimism. Yet the man was unquestionable: if indeed there was no human hope, he seemed to be saying, he was going to be the first to prove it to us, and God knows he tried.

Many of his shows were first-rate, rarely edited, scripted with elegant elegance. One about the United States as victims of its own war, centered around a young former nurse, psychologically warped by his Vietnam experience and now in a U.S. jail for killing a \$100 murder convict. The war and concerned the loss of freedom in Greece after the generals took over. The mood, the subject, the writing of both rivaled with Maclean's personal style and sophisticated perspective—"Nobody," a friend once told him, "could be that ugly and

and," says Trueman, with some rue, "and I built into the row that caused Mike to quit the CBC in the end. It takes a large man to welcome me back." But only a small man would it? "Well, it's a funny business. I'm suffering the effects of an old friend, right now, but we'll meet at long last."

Trueman, complete with granny glasses, will be the most visible of the CTV Reports hosts, of the others, André Payette, 47, has perhaps the most challenging assignment. Incredibly he is the first regular magazine-show correspondent for either network—to be reporting from Quebec. "I tried up with negative reporting about my province," he says. "It's time to report what's going on there in a way the rest of the country can understand."

A graduate in philosophy and political science from the universities of Montreal and Paris, Payette is a former editor-in-chief of the Quebec literary periodical *Le Soleil*, and for the past two years was host of CBC's French-language newsmagazine *Le Soir*. He is a graduate of the *Le Soir* magazine of Montreal. His ratings in Quebec: about 1.5 million viewers, were about the same as those for the CBC's most popular English-language current-affairs show, the *5th Avenue*, and half a million more than for CTV's and the world of last season. Likely and articulate: he was voted, under somewhat arduous circumstances, one of the 10 most handsome men in Canada in 1972. More genuine, he is always sincere, and always humble. "He is a magnificent person," says the words out. "I voted for the Park Debates last November '83 because it was the first time a government that Quebec has had is legitimate government—not one stolen for the dominant minority. Yes, I am a separatist. I am a Canadian separatist, separate from the United States. I am a federalist, you see, but federalism is currently practiced so well."

He notes that CTV Reports had the same number of staff for two shows, as *Le Soir* had for one. "The difference is that the people at CTV work, it's like a breath of fresh air. And that's what I want to bring to Canada from Quebec."

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would be of some assistance to him. In assuming the labor portfolio, Johnson became the adoptive father of the Quebec government's first piece of labor legislation: Bill 45. The law, which labor leaders consider the most advanced in North America, prohibits the use of union or strikebreakers to do the work of an employee on strike, guarantees the right of a strikers to get his job back after the conflict is over, curtails the automatic contribution of union dues and the use of a secret ballot by unions in votes.

It is a law that the Parti Québécois congress last May demanded variously unanimously. And, while the law had already been drafted when the Robota Hood incident occurred, the violence divided the province, and one of Johnson's aides later reviewed "My goodness, that's going to make people receptive to the law." In the burst of optimism the bill received from the business community, even that bit of preparation was a help.

The fact that Pierre-Marc Johnson is the first labor minister in less than a year (Jean Gauthier having been minister when Brossard was defeated and Jacques Charest first came to the post after the November 15 election) is enough to give the conventional wisdom at Quebec since the late 1960s—that the labor portfolio is the toughest job in the government.

The Brossard government had been rocked by major labor problems, which had made it appear weak and ineffective. It had intervened unsuccessfully in the cut strike in 1970, it had been hurt by the failure of the *Le Printemps* strike of 1971, the general strike of the Convention Front and the taking of the three major labor leaders, Louis Lefebvre, Marcel Perre and Yvon Charbonneau in 1972. Along with the increasing radicalism on one side, there were growing signs of corruption and shoddy, indirectly, by the creation of a National Assembly committee that lay its law-giving powers for planning union boss André Gagnon and the multimillion-dollar sabotage of the James Bay installation at LG2 by a labor boy—which led to the Chibouche commission inquiry. All of these, perhaps in combination with the language legislation: Bill 22, led to the defeat of the Brossard government.

Pierre-Marc Johnson's success in dealing with labor, whose cooperation is crucial to the completion of the \$10-billion Ameri-Bay hydroelectric project, and whose radicalism represents the principal source of left-wing criticism of the government, will be the key, not only to the Parti Québécois' promise of providing good government but also to Johnson's own political future. For Pierre-Marc Johnson is an ambitious young man.

Now, at 31, he has the presence and style of an older man. He dresses conservatively and he has a prematurely grey

(His older brother Daniel, who is the secretary of Power Corporation, states the grey hair is ironic. "Every time I see him, there is a 10% increase in grey hair.")

On the surface, the aged with which Johnson's career has taken all seems contradictory. In July 1972, he finished his university and he got to practice law for a year and a half later, he was elected and, then, only two years after leaving university, he was appointed to the toughest ministry in government. For people who know him, however, the appointment was less surprising. They point to the fact he studied not only medicine, but also law. "He has every quality for the job but one," said a Parti Québécois official. "He has no experience with labor."

"I would rate him as a very powerful minister," predicts Mayor Brownstone, a Toronto political scientist and former deputy minister in Saskatchewan who worked with Johnson on the board of Ontario Canada. "He's got an intellectual attitude, toughness and a great deal of personal charm. He'll do his homework incredibly well. He'll prepare like no other minister. He'll assume he knows more than anyone else—and he will, very quickly." Articulate and fluently bilingual, he exudes the charm and confidence of a man who has

spent his early life preparing for politics.

Which, in a sense, he has. His father, Daniel Johnson, was premier of Quebec from 1966 until his death in 1968. Unlike many sons of politicians, Pierre-Marc was close to his father, particularly as his last years. His father's premature death gave him both the precious gift of intimacy with a man at the peak of his career and, at the same time, the liberation from what can be the crushing shadow of a famous living father or someone standing in a related status. (Daniel Johnson holds a special place in the minds of Quebecers. While the ambiguities and apparent contradictions in his dealings with Ottawa

were mocked by Pierre Trudeau and dismissed in posturing by English Canada, the similarities, contradictory since they altered the nature of resistance and action in the province.

Johnson was a strong nationalist, and it was ironically Pierre-Marc's self-awareness that drove him from his father's party, the Union Nationale, in 1969 when the government of Jean-Jacques Bertrand passed Bill 45—the first of the series of language laws that culminated in Bill 100—which is regarded as the crux of the language of education. The next of his political anger at what he feels was the Union Nationale's betrayal of principle and cause

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Daniel Johnson's life has not yet carried on his work—but in his own special way.



into Pierre-Marc's voice when he speaks of Bill 63.

"It was in of this party, after 30 years of national life, so the name of provincial autonomy. Quebec first, right? as well as provincialism," said. "We believe that we're not really at home here and we're going to legislate to conserve the current situation where we're in the process of becoming a minority in our own territory, and we're going to do this in the context of Canadian federalism, which we believe in." I wouldn't accept that. "While Bill 63 drew him out of the Union Nationale, the Vice-Minister said made him a Piquet. From his father Johnstone has not only in-

herited his strong sense of nationalism, but also a great respect for the political system of politics. From his intuitive feel of the political mood, fed by daily phone calls to people across Quebec, Johnstone has raised himself to a new level of political skill.

"The lack of sense of the long distance runner, graduate and perhaps it is the difficulty someone in politics can have in changing his perceptions because those perceptions are formed from so many elements that they are almost impossible to translate. For politics is not technocratic. It's not black and white."

To replace what he means, Johnstone says

that he has always inherited two kinds of political: technocratic or technocrat—traditionally the technocrat for the Liberal in Quebec, and humanism or the Liberal (the technocrat for the Conservatives and the Union Nationale). "You always considered myself more a humanist."

And a bit? "Oh yes, basically. I've always stayed a bit," he says with a double. "The technocrat will rationalize the numbers he sees, weigh the advantages of his choice—and stick to it until he runs into a brick wall, whereas when I feel the situation of humanism will operate with a basic philosophy and try to translate it from a human concern into a political act."

Conservative Yves Charbonneau, president of the *Conseil de l'Environnement du Québec*: "Mr. Johnstone is completely at ease as a politician, despite his age."

Labour leaders have been careful to say that they are basically pleased with Bill 65, but that it is too soon to make a judgment about Johnstone. In fact, the labour movement as a whole—the most turbulent element of Quebec society over the past few years—it still paying for its appropriate response to the new government. Quebec labour is a unique blend of North American business unionism and European ideological *syndicalisme de combat*, and, over the past few years, has seen the extremes of both from the "ice the waterfront" general strike in the *Industries des Transports du Québec* (ITQ) that destroyed 1,012 on the James Bay site, to the occupation of an indigenous Marquis in the *Coopérative des Syndicats Nationaux* (CSN) and the *Conseil de l'Environnement du Québec* (CEQ).

There are now four labour central in Quebec. The largest, the ITQ, represents the majority of the unions in the private sector and includes the major unions (national and pan-Canadian unions) steelworkers, auto workers (CAW), etc. According to the best estimates there are 272,000 members.

The CSN is a Quebec-based central that groups together unions of the public sector and a majority of unions in the private sector. Originally a federation of Catholic unions, it has become a source of intellectual opposition to government in the 1980s, with Jean Marchand as one of its leaders, and Gérard Pelletier and Pierre Elliott Trudeau being advisors.

In the late 1960s, under the presidency of Marcel Pénin, the CSN began to move toward a tough anti-capitalist position, producing a report on strong, reform and reform that took a clear ideological analysis. This perspective not only the co-founding of 1972 but also considerable loss of membership. Last year, Pénin was succeeded by Norbert Rodrigue, a former hospital worker and a much quieter more low-key figure, who has taken on the task of regaining members. The membership fell as low as 164,000 but now staff now claim the membership has climbed back to approximately 200,000.



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The most political departure from the crew was led by three members of the crew in 1972, Paul-François Dohé, Jacques Dohé and Amélie Dohé. Angered by the increasing politicization of the crew, the men (dubbed the three D's) formed the *Comité des Syndicats Démocratiques* in reaction of anger with some 15,000 members, the largest number in each worker union of the economy as textiles and clothing.

Finally there's the case of teachers' unions, the *Conseil de l'Enseignement du Québec*, about 74,000 strong, headed by Yves Charbonneau. Like the crew, the CTE has been the source of a radical,

socialist analysis of Quebec society and much of the three major entities has a deeply difficult problem.

Laborer of the CTE has the embarrassment of the CTE's union, which showed how both the CTE and the CTE looked the other way as criminal elements took control of some of the key construction unions and, in fact, hoped to profit from the tough tactics that began to be used. The CTE's bylaws for labor peace at the time, the CTE by denying the CTE out of the construction field. The result was the subject of L-63.

Laborer's solution has been to make it almost indelibly clear how willing the

CTE is to cooperate with the government and to appear as Royal Reserve's ally and supporter at such occasions as the economic summit that took place last May.

The crew and the CTE, on the other hand, face a different kind of problem. The radicalism of the leadership has resulted in a backlash—the loss of members from the crew and the loss of face for the CTE a year ago when the membership endorsed, by 715, a government offer the leaders had urged the members to reject.

"We're taking a pragmatic attitude," says Charbonneau of the crew. "We decided to deal with the government: one piece of legislation at a time. We supported them on Bill 801, we were pretty critical of the anti-inflation, we denounced the party financing legislation, and we want the public service legislation on world now."

Public service bargaining won't begin for another year and a half, and in that time, many things may happen. There is a distinct possibility the CTE and the crew may merge. Wage and price controls may be lifted, resulting in much tougher wage demands. The unions might decide that sufficient pressure against the government has developed to initiate a renewal of the kind of sweeping ideological critiques they made of the Borealis government.

How will Pierre-Marie Johnson cope? People who know him say that he is a good administrator, tough and bright. However, some are concerned that he may be too conservative.

"Johnson was a head chaser in labor union, and told me, 'I'm not a head chaser, but he has some very conservative tendencies toward the union.'"

However, politically, the conservative may give him strength and credibility with the business community. Like his father, he shows every fraternalistic, stressable initiative and character ambiguity. At least one business leader is delighted in the appointment. Bruce Mackenzie, former labor lawyer, candidate for national Tory leader, a member of the CTE's commission, and now president of Iron Ore Co. of Canada, has known Johnson for years.

"Johnson's commission is a brilliant one," says Mackenzie. "He's got all the charm and all the good judgment of his old man. He's first class—they don't make them any better."

Mackenzie proved. "It happens to think that Bruce Mackenzie was the best labor minister Canada ever had. Bruce had a great sense of compassion—not only for the workers but he also knew that managers are not a bunch of scoundrels. It was to me that Johnson has a lot of these qualities."

If Mackenzie is wrong, Pierre-Marie Johnson will be one of a succession of men to be caught in the questionable politics of the Quebec labor ministry.

If he is right, he will be a gentle outside when the time comes to succeed René Lévesque.

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## The World

Has France's fractured Left snatched defeat from the jaws of victory?

In the elegant 17th-century headquarters of the French Socialist Party on Paris' historic Place du Palais National, the preparations had been nothing if not prophetic. To make room for the two-day summit of the country's Socialist, Communist and Left Radical Movement party leaders to update their common election platform, the Socialist hosts went so far as to tear down two second-story walls.

Soon enough, less than nine hours after the talks began, Robert Fabre, president of the tiny minority Left Radical Movement stormed out, allowing Communist chief Georges Marchais to take to the TV cameras and accuse him of provoking a rupture which demolished the facade of solidarity that France's leftist alliance had laboriously maintained for five years.

As fractious French voters looked on, the rift went on to explode with such a bang that it now threatens not only to bring crashing down the Left's hopes for a united win in next spring's key legislative elections but to shake the very

foundations of French communism itself.

"The French people are not prepared to surrender free enterprise and individual initiative to the extent the Communists would like," raged Fabre, over Marchais' demands that 1,200 additional firms (including the state oil, steel and Peugeot Citroën auto industries, be added to the list of nine corporate groups already slated for nationalization after a left victory. But as he stalked off, stage right, he proved to be only a minor player in the drama.

In the following days, as a second attempted summit broke off in the third or early hours of morning at the Communist's own trendy, smoked-glass and stainless steel headquarters, the Left's two arm-pits, Marchais and Socialist leader François Mitterrand went left in the spotlight, squared off against each other. Their latest volley of press conference invective, mass propaganda appeals and political posturing made one thing unmistakably clear: the cracks in their longtime wall of solidarity over the nationalization

question were only the symptoms of a

basic breach between two steadily widening ideologies. Shaping up on the French political horizon was a growing power struggle over who was to control France's mushrooming left vote.

The quarrel was a cruel blow to Mitterrand, leader and spiritual godfather to the leftist alliance who, on the eve of his forty-first birthday, had seemed to be a mere few months away from grasping the prime ministership which had so long eluded him. Looking drained and somber in a mass press conference, Mitterrand denounced Marchais' act of faith but declared himself open to a reconciliation.

Wides beams, however, Marchais was haranguing a mass rally of 20,000 workers at Paris' Porte de Picanie along counter accusations and taunting: "It's up to you, François Mitterrand, whether the agreement is good." Cheers for a go-together appeared dim. Indeed, as events unfolded, suspicion mounted that the entire so-

Mitterrand addressing the party faithful; politics also makes a strange bedfellow







like species) And everybody's interested in minerals on land.

Real Antarctic studies were frozen in 1959 when the 12 involved nations signed the Antarctic Treaty. It was a result of successful international cooperation of the International Geophysical Year (1957-58) and applied to all lands and ice shelves south of 60 degrees latitude. By it, the Antarctic powers agreed to work together for 30 years in scientific research and in banning all military activity. "The Antarctic is one of the few regions that has ever existed," says Dr. Trevor Lloyd, the former director of the McGill University Centre for Northern Studies and a longtime observer of polar politics. "It seems incredible, but there has been complete cooperation."

It has been far the greatest political of Britain, Argentina and the United States during the late Forties and early Fifties. The Chileans and Argentines even have tourist excursions to the Antarctic. But since all prices quadrupled in 1974 foreign tourists have disappeared. In the 1975 Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting in Oslo, delegates agreed to work out a set of international procedures for governments and multinational corporations to tag the continent's wealth. Geopolitics, the Antarctic is linked to South America's Andean mountain rich in gold, copper, chromium and platinum. Cold and rain are abundant. The trick is finding the technology to drill ac-



The penguins of Antarctica had a bad day today, at least for the present

comotically through a mile and a quarter of polar ice cap to get to them.

"We have to be careful about developing concepts drawn about the Antarctic," says Douglas Seely of the U.S. State Department's Office of Affairs. "Technology follows economic and conditions in the Antarctic are a lot worse than those of the far south and of the Brazilian Sea."

The aerial world view, but the dark is not satellite photographs show aqua miles of

polar ocean, dotted pink by swarms of the small icebergs that have already been harvested by the Japanese, Russian, Polish and Taiwanese. Icebergs, about 100 to 125 to 150 percent greater and scattered in those permanently frozen-depleted waters have created a rift past to be made with other food and animal fodder. It is estimated that there are 50 million metric tons of Antarctic ice as a continuing resource. In comparison, all the oceans have only 10 million metric tons of all marine fishes and the capture of the continent's first oil for controlled oil production, the rift are simply too important a resource to be squandered.

Food and fuel aside, the Antarctic is fascinating as a past oceanic lab—among other things it is a barometer of the fluctuations of the Northern Hemisphere. For most people, however, it is simply the coldest, bloodiest place on earth. It has the lowest temperature ever recorded—129 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). Indeed, Apollo 17's crew, a victim of British Commonwealth Robert F. Scott's, first landed on the South Pole in 1912, once remarked that the worst life he could imagine was that of the Antarctic program, condemned to the Antarctic in perpetuity. He undoubtedly thought of the North Englishman, who had to live in the ice for a Russian after he had failed when he had. That's what the Antarctic is like in London has been about.

ROBERT SCOTT

## All The President's Mice

History Dictionary dock, the mouse rat up the dock, but it wasn't the mouse a woman who chased it—it was the President of the United States. For Jimmy Carter's executive mission is attended with rodents. So much so that on the very morning of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's latest visit to the Oval Office the whole place had to be sprayed with a sickeningly sweet disinfectant to hide the smell of the White House mouse.

If there was something sicker in the state room at that occasion, it was ignored. But the Carter's social problems—mouse mounds and mounds of dinner parties and the talk of the show at "Tale Whangamung" assume the President's not guests now that he has been 10 months in office. The mouse manifestation—to date, 10 have been trapped in or around the Oval Office—an embarrassing but, although visiting heads of state of a great of France—usually a foreign leader. Gerald Ford did things better and, as it happens, a direct comparison at past times is possible to illustrate the point. When Billy's Prime Minister Claudio Antonio's chief with the Nixon last December, the table was graciously the presence of Rod McGuire, film maker Frank



Photography Service, and many did. Not any more. The tables are set for the Smiths of St. Louis, the Browns of Boston the Clintons of Chicago—Mr. and Mrs. Ordinary America. It sounds like democracy in action, but in fact it's self-serving politics, nearly every one of the "seven" families have one thing in common—they campaigned hard for Carter.

Such guests, however, do nothing to suppress enticement or, merely by their brilliant presence, complement the status of a great of France—usually a foreign leader. Gerald Ford did things better and, as it happens, a direct comparison at past times is possible to illustrate the point. When Billy's Prime Minister Claudio Antonio's chief with the Nixon last December, the table was graciously the presence of Rod McGuire, film maker Frank

Copra, entertainer Pearl Bailey (jazz great Lucien Hampton, in performer Tony Orlando, designer Luis Balazs, former jet great Jack Paar and three tobacco celebrities—Yogi Berra, Johnny Bench and Joe Garagiola). The only outstanding talent on the left for Carter's Andrews dinner, eight months later, was Shirley Verrett, the opera star, and she was there to perform.

It may eventually be possible to get rid of the mice, and later when he looks more secure, Carter may decide to add color to White House parties. But one other difficulty will still have to be solved—the violent swarms of mood. With those he would be denied or persuaded. Carter can be ingratiatingly courtly and kind. One senator came away from the White House calling him "mild." But his mood can change in an instant from good to bad from kind to cruel. Such volatility doesn't bode well for his social life and may, in part, explain why in the Washington sense of the word, Carter doesn't have one.

The lack may not bother him at all. But it does worry his guests. One such was Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, who runner for the web-presidential job given eventually to Walter Mondale. Invited to a state dinner he found himself seated at a nine-year-old dinner. He talked about Abraham Lincoln. The day I took to tell you anything didn't last long. He was ported off.

WILLIAM LOWMYER

# People

The new management of the Kageo Castle club in Vancouver may not know art, but it knows what it doesn't like—the tattoo on **Kendra Thompson's** anatomy. The shoe-



Thompson's anatomy isn't appreciated

ing star from below her breast and the tattoo on her shoulder got (possibly) the 27-year-old stripper fired from the club in late September. And why? Thompson tried her one out on the old Hawaii. Right? Right. But it was, unfortunately for her, does not cover discrimination based on body discrimination. Thompson, who's had the tattoo for six years, and who's been a stripper since longer than that, is a woman, a dancer, a dancer, a dancer, a dancer. "You one of the best things that ever happened to me [the club]—I gave the place some uplift. The club boomed this time."

Singer/songwriter **Brenda Eno** had just recorded a single version—far radio play—of *I Still Think The Very Best For You*. The listening from her new album, *Monsieur*. In the same Toronto recording studio, **Gordie Lightfoot** was according his latest al-

bum. Lightfoot heard *I Still Think*, liked it, and told Eno to stop. However, he had no reservations. "It lacks a little rhythm, rhythm guitar track." Thompson said, you, Lightfoot was probably right. "Well, how about I do one for you?" Thirty minutes later he was back with the guitar part written, and three plug-through later it was deemed usable. Now Lightfoot knows to be clear for a hawk, is probably complaining he hasn't been paid for his work. Thompson says not to worry, he'll get it—when she

Requires Canada—you may not hear the best hockey team in the world any more, but you do have the best weather. The theme of a gourmet season go out to **Henry Pollock**, a 44-year-old Winnipeg lawyer (a q.c., not a q.j., who knocked 'em dead in Canada City, Nevada, with his rendition of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and the theme from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*. Pollock, who took up whistling to ward off his wife, is a kid, he was at night in Winnipeg's north end, and who performed in it the next month in the Min-



Pollock's puncher heard 'round the world

john law court building, beat out *Notkers* for the crown. "People think of what they want," he says, "but what would could be so good? We want status is the musical world." Spoken like a true champion.

**Susan George** has made 16 movies in the past 11 years and, while her roles have been quite varied, there is a side



George with McMillan: a lesbian woman

passion of her as the girl who's always being raped and beaten—a lawsuit. **Gloria Graham**, *Don't Stop* probably created this perception more than anything else, but she was stabbed in the back with a pair of scissors in her first film, *The Swimmers*, and since has been "raped so many times I can't remember." The sailing contract in *Tomorrow Never Comes* which is just winding up shooting in Montreal. Off screen she and co-star **Stephen McMillan** were involved in a car crash that left her with a huge lump on her head, a separated shoulder and multiple bruises. Then, before the camera she got further banged around by McMillan, a boyfriend who goes berserk and holds her hostage. In a voice hoarse from all the screaming and crying she goes with the scene. George downsides her suffering. "As you can hear I'm really a bit of a mess. It's physically all right. It's just that my body is falling apart."



more in 13 years—but George Dobie is having none of it. "This is a real dumb town—you could take it for a sea of money," laughs Dobie, a Vancouver football coach who does a little game-bug on the side. Dobie is booking the current trend by betting against a team that has needed Vancouver not so much dumb as defensive with joy at the way it has performed this season, winning the kind of impossible victories that send fans home as emotionally exhausted as the players. The Dobie version of *The Stud* paid off nicely when the Lions lost decisively to Winnipeg 15-19 after a backlaine play, but until then Dobie hadn't been laughing much and Jerry and the Cardinals, as one Vancouver columnist has dubbed them, have produced a kind of full favor on the West Coast.

Jerry would be quite rickety Jerry Tagge, 37, the architect of the Lions' free-agent frenzy. A big, sturdy, straight-up power, Tagge is the first full general since Joe Kapp—whom he closely resembles in style—to have the Lions in contention for the Grey Cup. Only one edition of the Lions since 1964 has managed to win in many games as it lost, and the odds on the publicly owned club's chances left it almost bankrupt and embarrassingly unable to pay the Empire Stadium rent last winter.

Revived by a deluge of money and a Pacific National Exhibition and subsidy, not to mention a sparkling string of victories the Lions are now attracting a school crowd in a 32,000-seat

stadium they were barely able to half-fill last year. One edition of the recordbook is that a new \$5,000-seat facility proposed in September for the exhibition site has been deemed too small for the club's future needs by president Jack Parley.

Tagge is one of several new additions to a team that was always strong defensively and solid along the offensive line, but truly sensitive only to finding original ways to lose games. Which is why, on August 9, after the Lions failed three times to score the winning touchdown from the Edmonton one-yard line and lost 26-48, the Empire Stadium crowd awarded them a standing ovation. They had lost, but with character.

Essentially the difference in Tagge, some fast bucks—and Vic Rapp, the coach who coached Edmonton's 1975 Grey Cup winning offense.



Tagge (above) and receiver Terry Batley (below left) doing a head-stall after dropping a pass against Calgary. (Lions still won 14-40)



Rapp and Tagge both learned their football in the Big Eight conference, then the strongest in U.S. college football. Tagge (a two-time 220-pound big for a quarterback) is not especially strong-armed or quick of foot, but he has always been an inspirational leader. Defined by his hometown, Green Bay Packers, Tagge was coached by quarterbacking great Bart Starr but lacked good receivers. He bounced to the dormant World League, played in six last games for San Antonio against Shreveport, and was the first National Football League coach last year from the Chicago Bears. He was trading line in Denver when Rapp, having just retired after his move from Edmonton to the head coaching job in St. Louis, called him last January.

In Tagge, Rapp found a quarterback who instinctively agreed with him on tactics. When the other team has the ball, the Lions defense breaths without breaking. When it has the ball, the home team is the golden expression of the artistic adage about less being more. The passes are short, waiting for an opening. It's a hand-on approach, but demanding to watch.

The Lions' heroes, spotted by Tagge, started early when he beat the Calgary Stampeders 36-16 at the start of the season, even as it was, in front of a packed house in Ottawa's Lansdowne Park. Tagge took his team over 71 yards in 12 seconds and threw to Jan Young for the winning touchdown with no time left on the clock, and persisted—sweet revenge—when in the deciding game against the Edmonton Elks, Batley's 31-yard punt return and two penalties put Lou Poppo in a position to kick a 31-yard field goal—again, miraculously, with time expired.

With the Lions well in front of the western conference, the question heading in to the stretch is in how many times you can reach into a pocketful of miracles.

SEAN ROSSITER/JAMES THOMSON

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# Travel

## Waters, waters, everywhere

The headline reads in Toronto's High Park Travel Centre: In-s with curing. Golden entailing the waters of luxury cruises. Can-Adrian low-breasts and virgin to the ocean's Queen. But co-owner Jerry Lucks has passed them all up for his last two seasons. Instead, he has checked himself into Krynos, a quiet medical center in Poland's Tatra Mountains. There, for three weeks at a time, his body is permeated by minerals, bombarded with ultra-sound rays, sprayed with hot pulsating mineral water and restricted to a diet that prohibits all sugar and fried foods. "I suffer from Wilson's disease," says Polish-born Lucks, referring to the ailments that periodically afflict the veins of his legs. "I felt so much better after my first stay there that I went back this year. And I'm going back next year."

Lucks is one of a growing number of Canadians, mostly of European origin, who are turning to Europe's traditional health spas for relief from such varied malaises as rheumatism, psoriasis, bronchitis, stomach aches, bad nerves, heart disease, dehydrating fever and even sexual hypothyroidism and sterility. European airlines and travel boards report that requests for spa treatments are growing steadily. Only last year more than 900 Canadians a year for one-week stays at its spa towns. Now two Toronto tour companies, Slovakia and The Travel Trade, are negotiating with car. Czechoslovak Airlines have introduced two- and three-week packages for sale through travel agencies in Canada. They include the cost of hotel meals and transportation as four top Czech spas for from \$115 to \$137 per day—less than a hotel room alone in many parts of Europe.

The custom of frequenting public baths is actually being revived by spas in the Czech Republic and Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, the Russians, the Middle Ages, tales of miraculous cures made the springs places of pilgrimage, but by the 18th century the celebrities and layabouts of Europe were gathering at the waters. It was the town of Spa in the Belgian Ardennes—where young aristocrats passed the summer from their travels—that was to give its name to all of Europe's watering places. Caravans, an occasional Spa visitor, was so shocked when propositioned by an elderly English dwarf he picked up there that he offered to reveal the details in his diary. He did. However, report that at Spa "one does nothing but can drink, promiscuous gambles and dance."

Today's spas are much more sophisticated. Millions of Germans, Italians



Soaking up what's good for what ails you (above) and experiencing the "wonderful powers of mud (below): fresh treatment



Austrians and Eastern Europeans who attend three-week treatment at company take their hotel meals, medical services and even traveling expenses are covered by government insurance. They drink, seek and interest in waters laden with sodium, calcium, magnesium, bicarbonate, sulfate and radioactive ions. Mud baths, vapor inhalation and physiotherapy may all be part of a visit. Despite that can take up as much as three to four hours daily. The remaining time is devoted to plays and concerts, afternoon naps and fresh air promenade. About 2 million West Germans and 15 million Italians take the cure annually, but the French are drinking these spas in such numbers that since recovered. Vichy is being transformed into a family vacation

center. In Britain the medical profession has turned to back on spa. Boris Nash's back once the 18-page for celebrities, is now a one-night stay at the last town center.

In Canada, however, the award hot springs of Banff and Redfish have never been combined with medical facilities. Dr. Jack Rudman, an Oakville, Ontario, retired physician and surgeon, has about two patients yearly who go to European spas. "In the short term they seem to benefit," he says, "but five months after they return most of them are back where they started. Still, they are all happy they were." He says the physiotherapy, whirlpool baths and massages of Europe are no better than those in Canadian rehabilitation centers, but the spa's relaxed atmosphere, fresh air and personal attention are more conducive to the therapy working.

The only Canadian doctor with any training in the science of spas are those educated in Europe. Dr. S. F. Reininger of Toronto is recognized in Germany as a Kur and Balneator (a cure and spa doctor). He says that although his treatment is not covered under any of the provincial health plans, the medical community is showing more interest. Last year, the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, published by Canadian doctors, sent one of its editors, Ben Gerner, to investigate claims made by spas in Hungary.

His conclusion: "Should proceed to go to Hungary? Well, it's a beautiful place with impressive good food and wonderful, friendly people. They're having a great holiday." DOUG MONTGOMERY



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# Energy

Insulation? A great idea. Also, unfortunately, a great scam

"It looks like I have a family of woodpeckers," mutters Vancouver salesman John Fell, spying the dozens of constant noises (automatically drilled in his Spanish accent) with. The risk of the two houses he hired was simple: drill a few holes and insert foam insulation between the walls. Having headed the drilling, they moved on to their second task: making too much acid with the foam. The consequence was brown-stained walls and a splash that endured for eight weeks. "I knew they were inexperienced," Fell confesses, "but I didn't know how inexperienced."

Fell is only one of many salesmen Canada being swarmed by the rush to re-insulate before winter, who do much reaching a peak early in September when a federal home insulation rebate, just underway. Nasty times to a possible fall recession, the fall from the grant program has not been all good: it is providing opportunities for bad actors to prey on unwary homeowners. In the first few weeks after the \$2.4 billion Canadian Home Insulation Program (CHIP) became operational on September 1, more than 17,000 Canadians contacted the project's head office in Montreal. Of these, 13,800 have homes now eligible for a taxable grant of up to \$380 to cover two-thirds of the cost of installing insulation (just later). This year, the houses built before 1945 in British Columbia, Newfoundland and the two northern territories qualify as do homes built before 1921 in New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario. By the end of the seven-year program all houses built before September 1977 will have been eligible for a federal insulation grant in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, where a similar program has been in operation since last February; the grant has a non-refundable ceiling of \$500 and covers all insulation costs, including contracting. (The same is more generous because these two provinces traditionally have suffered higher heating costs.)

Across the country, new insulation firms are appearing every day, many neither licensed nor bonded and sometimes they disappear just as fast. In Winnipeg, there were 15 insulation firms last year; this year there are five full pages of insulation ads in the *Free Press*. In Vancouver, the number of firms doubled to 42 from the previous year. And in Toronto about 100 new firms have started since ever was announced last June. Already insulation contractors in Toronto have formed a 10-month panel to volunteer information to confused consumers and to coordinate



misleading advertising. Though only about \$1,500 is required to set up shop, installing insulation can be a tricky venture. "Everyone is getting in on the deal, black and white," says Albert Sinclair, marketing manager, Fibreglass Canada Ltd. "But this is crazy; there just is a quick-buck operation."

Rick Allen and most of his staff shortly have already begun to surfboard. In Prince Edward Island, local journalist Andy Arnold was visited one evening by a man offering free assistance in filling out the federal insulation forms. He said he was a government official. Arnold later discovered the man was nothing of the kind. He was giving knockbuds for each contact he brought back signed. And in Toronto, a businessman hired workers to install foam insulation between the walls. It was his small son who discovered they were pumping in nothing, but so. Consumer complaints have not yet been paid with calls about similar complaints, and they expect a rash of complaints come winter, when new insulation will just show its worth. Inexpensive contractors are inadequate or downright fraudulent consultants, much as cellulose fibre (chopped-up newspaper) which has not been made for contact. At best, says a member of the Nova Scotia Consumer Services Bureau, showing the wrongs in advertisements "is like a ball of twine of the place." At worst, says James McGrath, "many people are

seeing two houses like fire traps." CHIP officials promise that proper insulation will reduce heating bills by one third, about \$180 a year on average—but only if the homeowner makes the right choice from the more than 225 government-approved materials. As well, the maximum grant of \$350 does not go as far as people might think, except for the handy do-it-yourselfers toward whom the program is geared. A one-child family with a taxable income of \$15,000 will pay back about one third of the grant or \$118, though more. Many homeowners risk contractors to do the work, which up the price significantly. In Halifax, the average price charged by a large contracting company for installing a basement is \$2,250. It would be 20 years before a homeowner could see such savings into savings.

The same job done by a do-it-yourselfer costs \$250.

Meanwhile, 60,000 servants are needed in Prince Edward Island's house construction in Montreal—administering a program the Quebec government (along with Alberta) has rejected. They're counting on re-insulation projects adding up to one billion dollars' worth of work on imported (or the equivalent of 1%). Spent-once-used all plants have gone. And that, they say, "is nothing to sneeze at," despite the up-ops which likely will persist. For, as one politician has observed, "the program is a great come-on for a door-to-door sales

JAQUETTE LABRECQUE



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**A very good beer.**



# Show Business

Laugh and the world laughs with you—unless, of course, you bomb

The room resembles a dark, dingy, subterranean tunnel, and the air filling it is hard to breathe—thick with smoke, cigarette smoke and heavy with the mangled odors of perspiration. People seated by the sheer grace of other upright bodies pressed around them, part of an overflow crowd of 300, merriment take every square inch of available space—men shake, hold up shirts and narrow radiator heaters, stare the refreshment convector in doorways, and along the edge of the tiny, distant stage with the wall-to-wall backdrop depicting a vaudeville singing night. The fire material world pale, the light, but tonight, at every Wednesday night since it opened in June, 1976, devotees of Yik-Yak's Comedy Kabaret—"the funniest happenings in Toronto"—are too busy laughing to be concerned.

The cause of the perfunctory merriment is a moonlighting 26-year-old Toronto history supply teacher named Steve Brodsky whose sweet-scented bulk is flailing back and forth across the spotlight stage like an avian in search of a bomb. For almost an hour now, he has had the audience in the palm of his hand with such comic material as the one about the middle-class Jewish boy from College and Crawford streets doing a rob Jewish girl from Forest Hill ("You, you know who Brodsky's going out with? Shoppers' Drug Mart!"), and the casting of non-Christian children in the public school Christmas pageant ("We play the heinous animals.... Our only last one 'tink, tink, tink'"). When, inevitably, he finally wraps up a one-man skit on an Italian-language TV program in which he plays host, mayor, sportscaster and commentator as well as every role in a dubbed Superman serial, the stage audience is on its feet clapping and cheering wildly. Steve Brodsky is right out of his mind and they love it!

His humor is hip, hyperkinetic, schtick. It speaks directly to the consciousness of a growing consciousness of young-thinking Canadians who are aware of, and perhaps, barely charmed by, authoritarianist beyond character like Don Harriss's beloved Charlie Fargington and the timeless classic of bad-salt cut favorites Wayne and Shuster. They are laughing, stirred, at many people like George Strachan, 42, a Trinidadian entrepreneur of East Indian extraction who has inspired a loyal following among Yik-Yak's fans. In his act, he is an employee of Mr. Schmeisser ("I'm in charge of the cold that you always get going because up in the subway [I don't] want to put down the people in Toronto who



Brodsky at Yik-Yak's: something for those who switch off Wayne and Shuster

beat me up. I know they don't deserve me, against me because they beat up my father too"). Brodsky has already been asked to audition for a major U.S. network comedy special. Indeed, several regular Yik-Yak's patrons say they are weary of seeing Canada's most innovative comics swept up—certified, as it were—by aggressive American audiences. In fact, Canadian comedians have had an opportunity to appreciate them at home. They want to see Canada's comic now, here.

So does Mark Brodsky, the 25-year-old comic and on-patron of Yik-Yak's whose pioneering effort to recognize and promote local stand-up comic talent

has proved such a maddening success that the basement hall of the Church Street Community Centre will no longer contain his patrons' enthusiasm. Thus, on October 27, the man described by comedian Ted Weinberg as "the original Pee Wee" will fly inside face of sketches such as Toronto columnist Martin Wolfe, who wrote earlier this year that Canada has no stand-up comics and that Canadians should be grateful for it. He will move his family of four to a new location at Bay and Yorkville streets and expand operations from once a week to six nights a week.

With a pool of no less than 50 comic hopefuls to choose from, including 12 Award for their talent and performing experience. Brodsky will continue the Yik-Yak's format by adding a 40-minute weekly feature to combine with at least two shorter bits by comedians trying out new material or polishing up their delivery of existing routines. His goal is to make Toronto a base for Canadian comics and the number three city as the comedy capital (after New York and Los Angeles).

When Yik-Yak's first show opens its steps to any would-be comedian seeking to risk baptism by fire, Brodsky admits there were "lots of drinkers." He will declare to hold auditions for the first round reserved to introduce new talent. He believes the only way to sort out those who are funny from those who think they are (according to him, that's "everybody") is to expose them, now, to an audience. "People should have the freedom to fail."

And fail they do. Indeed, the fact that even the warty souls who freeze the Yik-Yak's crowd out of their two dollars' worth of laughs is enough to discourage anyone from assuming stand-up comedy is a piece of cake. First, there is Brodsky's enormous head, which crops out from the wings to loop itself around the bearded bumbler's neck and guide him merrily out of his misery. Then they are the pronounced sounds of can crumpling which blast out from the public address system, followed closely by cries of "Crazy! Yeah! Crazy! Yeah!" Ironically, they often get the bumbler's creature his only laugh of the night.

Brodsky says he is frequently asked: "The key question"—Is there a distinctive Canadian comic style? Yes, there, he replies. It is an amalgam of low-key mannered British and aggressive, quick-paced, cerebral American. In choice of material, the Canadian stand-up comic offers something to ponder, says Brodsky, somewhat cynically. "There seems to be a fascination with audacity." **ALAN COOPER**

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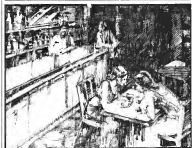


William Gordon  
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# Lifestyles

Where the love that dares not speak its name, can



In recent years, Toronto's male homosexual population has been coming out of the closet and into the bar-levee district. Downtown watering holes attract crowds of gay men who want to meet others in an out-front homosexual milieu that includes dancing and a complex series of signals to which heterosexuals can only guess. But what about the other class? Though sex between women has become a regular feature in men's magazines such as *Playboy* and *Blade* (whose aim, of course, is to please men), little has been heard from lesbians. Women who find their pleasure in other women have always existed with a low profile, either as house parties, in the relative privacy of male gay bars or at the few back-alley lesbian bars—ones where fights are all too predictable.

In the fullest form the lesbian—gay, the women's movement, and more open attitudes toward sex—more women have been trying to come out of the closet and define themselves socially as healthy women who happen to prefer other women. Always, however, there has been the problem of where to go. Even women who could pass as "straight" were uncomfortable in regular bars. "I don't like to pretend, and I don't like being harassed by men," says Judy, a gayish 31-year-old housewife who probably would get harassed by men. Like many women, she feels that revealing her full nature would jeopardize her job. "On the other hand, middle-class women don't like Alberta's

bars and lesbian floors. The old girls' bars knew they could provide a safe and women would keep coming because there was nowhere else to go."

Now there is somewhere else to go. Slowly, young lesbians are discovering places in Toronto where middle-class women can relax and meet like-minded women. The newest and most public meeting place is Studio II, a central Carlton Street club geared to the professional working woman. Open every Thursday, Friday and Sunday nights near Mink, the club has almost 4,000 members. 70% of them female.

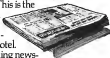
"I can see up the difference between this place and the other girls' bars in one word," says a 33-year-old internist. "Class." Blatantly with an atmosphere of hard-edged dance hip, Studio II has plush carpeting, upholstered couches, leather chairs, Tiffany lamps and wood and brick walls. A large dance floor with strobe lights dominates the upper floor while a series of small semicircular rooms offer quiet corners, and pinball machines and a pool table provide diversion. Downtown's 50-seat theatre serves movies such as *Taxi Driver* and *Dog of the Looney*, paid for from the three-dollar entrance fee.

While more and more professional women are going to Studio II, they aren't the only customers. "I like this place because it attracts a cross section of gay women," says Christine Shand-Reidman, a 35-year-old student. "Here

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you can see attitudes, styles, fashionable and bisexual women." Jossner, a lively 21-year-old apprentice in cabaret-making, likes Studio H because it is safe. "I don't go to night clubs. There there are decent, professional people. It's the gay club." While Jossner has some objection to the gay men at the club—"most have plenty of their own clubs to go to"—many other women welcome them. A 35-year-old costume retailer manager says she appreciates having a place to take her gay male friends. Other women, at ease in the business world, enjoy a balance of men and women.

According to owner David Wilson, 34, the feeling is mutual. "I like the girls here. I couldn't have predicted it, but if they weren't here I'd miss them," he says, adding that "the girls" drink and tip more than men. "Maybe they get off on having a gay male wait on them." He and his male partner gross about \$2,000 per week, but the female clientele doesn't seem to mind that men are taking in the profits. However, Jill, a self-proclaimed name who only "comes out" (acknowledged to herself) and other lesbians that she is a gay is just as offended at being asked if she does it as she is a gay. "You don't get asked that at nightclubs. It's a dangerously personal question" (Wilson explains that customers are questioned to weed out "repetitive straight men").

Many older, more traditional lesbians don't feel at ease at Studio H. Some still prefer old-style places like the Casino Club at King and Parliament streets. It is a rough, affable milieu similar to that of a regular working-class bar. "Old women here are hard-working people," says Murray, a 40-year-old truck driver. "I like it here because I know most of the people, and we respect each other. The other clubs get a lot of younger, more fashionable crowd." While many of the women at the Casino Club look like straight, male-orientated lesbians, Murray insists this stereotype is changing. "Somebody is coming up. I don't like women who have to look like men." Don't, a 45-year-old mother of five, recalls that "in the old days, if you looked back, you'd get harassed just walking down the street. You had to be tough." Now, she says, beach is an endangered species. "Now you're five is the only one in an old building you can see a month and in. It's a reminder of the old days."

While many lesbians, old and young, nod to the women's movement for creating an atmosphere of change, most are reluctant to speak out as feminists. Says a 34-year-old optician stylist, "I've been in the gay thinking that it wouldn't stand on a soapbox. Say, gay women have a harder lot than gay men—the race have been raised to be inclusive. Women have to find out 'I am before they say 'I am gay.' " Besides, first things first," says a 34-year-old telephone producer. "Right now we're happy to get out of the back alleys and onto a main street." *JOEY KATZ*



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Left to right: Beer-drinking, off-the-mountain Wally Crouter; David Craig, David Shaw, and Charles Doering; and Wally Crouter with his morning coffee.

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- David Telfer, Editor of the Financial Times, for 'Money Matters' 7:40 AM
- Torben Withrup for 'News and Comments' 8 AM
- Hal Vincent for 'Authoritative News' 9:00 AM
- Joe Irvine for 'Winter Road Reports'
- Peter Heed for 'Recreation Reports' 7:45, 8:45 AM Fridays

- Pat Butry for 'Air Freight Reports'
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  - Charles Doering for 'News and Comments' at 7 and 10 AM
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- It's this kind of "people" combination that makes waking up to 'The Wally Crouter Show' such a pleasure.

**CFRB 1010**

The people people listen to

## Education

### A gentleman of the old school

While the press at universities these days seem to be a prepubescent basketball down for students and administrators alike, there has emerged at least one colossus: Dr. John Godfrey. At 44, the youngest president of King's College in London (established 1765) and now the Canadian university with the oldest history, he is hell-bent on a singular course—toward the last century. He wants King's to "unapologetically backward," abandoning the recent quest for "structural enlightenment" which led to unrest in the universities.

King's College was absorbed into the Dalhousie University superstructure a number of years ago and its 356 students now sit at the bulk of their work at Dalhousie. But Godfrey has plans: he wants King's to become a honor college partner of Dalhousie, thus heeling up its already respectable number of scholarship students and, incidentally, qualifying for more provincial grant money. He is adamant that the academic emphasis will be quite firmly on the classical, with a flavor very much in his own Oxford-Cambridge tradition.

His "favor" starts early. Since his appointment in August, Godfrey has imposed the "torture alarm clock"—a bagpipe who rouses the dormitory sluggards at 7:45 a.m. ("because that is the way in which the Quakers arose," says Godfrey), giving students 15 minutes to doze off and come 15 minutes to listen to class. The World At Eight with some leftover to make it to chapel before breakfast. Thursday evenings there is a corporate Communion prior to a mandatory full-dress dinner in the college hall, also at the start of the pages. "We are restoring our place in the Anglican intellectual tradition," he announces.

There is absolutely no question of this president going quietly and modestly about his job, so administrators fear Godfrey loves to make an entrance at large gatherings, dressed perhaps as a 19th-century Spenser in broad-brimmed hat and waist-length belted black cape. He constantly asks questions such as "where?" and "how?" so describe himself. And while the changes he is making at King's are reactionary to an extreme, they contrast Godfrey's teaching methods just a few years ago in Dalhousie. Each class was a spectacle and the history class he taught was a virtual circus. His view of error for established forms is no longer that of the Godfrey manner. He now works hard at adopting the role of every



Godfrey rampart against the entrance to the college: play up and play the game!

philosophical base and that safely avoids the responsibility of being passed down to any of them.

Except for politics, all his pronouncements notwithstanding, Godfrey appears to be fairly Upper Canada and Quid—a British office, rep. of the Toronto law firm of his father, Senator John Godfrey. A notice of renewal from the Toronto Business and Request Club sits on top of the other papers on his desk and the longtime family "house" telephone, his father now in one job with a mortgage and in at least one sector of the new school. Godfrey insists that all students will be bachelors. This is the King's College School of Architecture. King's has long had a diploma course in journalism, but Godfrey would like to see King's become the only degree-granting journalism school in the Maritimes. He says the major problem now is getting the message out of Quebec properly, "and

placid, empathy with the Québécois: 'never as a lover I love the English too'."

This missionary fervor extends even to church plans for King's College. He wants to introduce an entrepreneurial studies program which will endeavor to demonstrate to Nova Scotians how they can come again be self-sufficient. "Over the last 100 years this province has been doing down. It must be opened up again," Godfrey declares, and King's must lead the way.

Presumably it is this fearless approach to leadership that led to the choice of Godfrey for new president. That and his ability to raise money, for these days universities of the place learning have become financially starved megapolises. This year saw the initiation of a \$2.5 million bond drive at King's. Godfrey's father, a former Liberal MP, might be pleased to learn that in his first week in office his son raised \$27,000 single-handedly. Both efforts could well give him the power to take King's College anywhere—for any purpose.

JILL KORTZMAN

# Medicine

Is there a midwife in the house?



When Elvira Dussan began the labor that produced the world's most famous quinine pills in May 1918, she was for the village midwife, Maria Lopez and Laidla. Only when it was obvious that this was no normal birth did the midwives send for the country doctor. That's the way most women gave birth then—and give birth now. Whether in the Third World or in much of the "developed" West, the midwife often has her own practice, negotiates her own fee and is paid to obstruct unless only if they need special care.

Except in Canada, Canada stands alone among industrialized nations in ensuring that doctors alone can be midwives. The law is fuzzy, but provincial physicians' groups unanimously declare nurse-midwifery illegal—and as rarely is assisted, anyway, by not being covered under the various provincial health-care insurance schemes. This has led to a particularly Canadian, outwardly pragmatic non-solution: in the poor North where there are few obstetricians, midwives are often attracted to all her ranks—but in the richer South where there are more obstetricians than we need, midwives may not practice their valuable craft.

To many this makes little sense. "The physicians concentrate—in the developed—in the pathological, the abnormal," notes Pat Hayes. "But only 30% of births are abnormal, which should leave the midwife free to work with the remaining 80%." Hayes, 42, is a professor at the University of Alberta's nursing faculty, which runs one of the two (with McGill's Dalhousie University) midwifery training programs in the country. Every year the U of A's program graduates from 12 to 20 midwives—all Registered Nurses in the first phase. They do not call themselves midwives—the course is named "Advanced practical ob-

**A Hamilton woman in labor with only a nurse attending: that's the hard part.**

stetrics," not midwifery—but come the winter holidays, Alberta physicians are happy to share the work load with him.

Says Hayes: "Midwives should always work in conjunction with physicians. The doctor should be available if things are complicated or going wrong. The fact is they very seldom do, and the midwife—fully trained in pre- and postnatal care—is in the best position to know." Hayes adds what has long been known among obstetricians: the critical time at birth is not the delivery but during labor—and doctors are seldom there during labor, they rely on nurses.

However, this Alice in Wonderland world, where midwives' talents are welcomed as long as they are not obviously practiced, is about to change and for the better. Elaine Cary, of the University of British Columbia's school of nursing recently received federal funds toward a course staffed by midwives (with consulting obstetricians) who will teach complete care and full pre- and postnatal care as well as the birth itself. Other physicians' groups have agreed at least to reconsider midwifery. Ontario's College of Family Physicians will make a statement about it next month.

It won't be soiled easily. Midwifery opponents—many of them women, cautioned by the "security" of usually male physicians—cannot be expected to change their thinking overnight. But to people like Pat Hayes it's the common sense way to go. "Look," she says, "a midwife who's half nurse, half GP, may earn \$14,000 to \$16,000 a year. An obstetrician makes at least \$50,000. That makes Canadian births—certainly those that are not regrettably expensive. SEVERLY PAGNOLLE

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# Films

One of those truly rare experiences

ALMA

Directed by Fred Zinnemann

In her masterful book *Antennae*, Lillian Hellman wrote about "a way of seeing and then seeing again." This kind of double sight, of perspective redoubled and combined in viewpoint, was closely linked to accounts of Hellman's friendships and relationships shaped by time and memory. The most remarkable reminiscence concerned her friend Julia, and from this material Fred Zinnemann has made a film of exceptional emotional force. *Julia* is one of those rare cinematic adaptations of a literary work that doesn't leave you feeling cheated. Zinnemann and his actors, Jane Fonda (Julia) and Vanessa Redgrave (Delia), are fully equal to Hellman's own depth of feeling.

*Julia* tells several stories, from several different time periods, but it is centrally about the moral growth of Lillian Hellman herself, and the role played in that development by her childhood friend, the wealthy Julia. We see these two young girls with Julia already more advanced in perceiving social inequality and personal commitment. We see them as young

women separated by careers and commitments. Julia, moving a study of medicine and involvement in left-wing politics in England and Austria, Lillian making a career as a playwright in New York. We observe Lillian's relationship with the writer Desmond Hummer (Glenn Richards) with its confusion in personal and professional goals. And we share the three final meetings between the women, since in post-war Vienna, where Julia has been injured in a war, later in Berlin, where Lillian has struggled to money at Julia's request to help political refugees, and finally in London, where Julia has died, the victim of an unrequited passion.

Though Alan Sargent's screenplay is no more successful than any others in showing the development of a writer's career, it does skillfully mold the far flung episodes into a cogent whole. And the 70-year-old Zinnemann gives the film the full value of his seasoned, matured pacing, his craftsman's response to atmosphere and setting, and the beauty of his emotional range.

**Redgrave and Fonda collectively and individually contributing to a masterpiece**

The casting of the leads is flawless. Both Fonda and Redgrave possess the radiant intensity and emotional strength to sustain characterization in a complex narrative. Moreover, our awareness of them as actors of unequal social and political awareness, unobtrusively and powerfully kept in our minds, just as the contrast in Lillian's, even when she is not on screen. Their final scene together in Berlin is superbly charged with feelings that can be only approximately articulated. They show us mature people with a full affectionate measure of one another's nature. Their meaning performance to which Zinnemann gives full space to move and shake us, gives us more than characters. They give us life. They make us see and then see again. Like *Life Without Men*, they represent this season's rare significance of female performances. **EXCELLENCE**



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#### Jumbled mosaic

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST  
AS A YOUNG MAN  
Directed by Joseph Lync

Having survived Irish alcoholic excess, his move on (and more) the extremely impossible task of filming James Joyce's *Ulysses* 10 years ago, American director Joseph Lync has graduated now to a version of Joyce's *A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man*.

This modest novel is richly beautiful and more accessible than *Ulysses*, but as the raw stuff for cinematic adaptation it is severely devoid of plot. The story of Stephen Dedalus (as Joyce's) growth into the dull development of marriage and literary is classic and elegant, with its reality filtered through countless layers of memory and misperception. All the fragments count, but they must be sorted out and coarsely informed. The image of the stressed, gossamer father with a golden summer must be related to his anti-religious brooding and his personal frustration. An equilibrium must be struck between Stephen's rigid Catholic training, the former, unbridled sexuality and the shrew of his mother, which is the most naturalistic, too. Stephen must not let his love-hate relationship to his himself.

This struggle is largely unseen, but Joseph Lync has been able to find a way of giving it urgency in another medium. Lync's *Portrait* has neither dramatic energy nor visual splendor; its appeal must be only to those who so love the original novel that they are anxious to have parts of it read aloud.

Judith Raskin's screenplay lays out the solid mode (as of now) with likelihood enough, but rather a cavalier attitude to continuity. Joseph Lync's literary production—he has made films of Henry Miller's *Tropic Of Cancer* and John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte* as well as *Ulysses*—encourages a surface freedom, a casual, uncommitted position. He gives us such images: Irish faces and Irish sentences, and pretends that the same Joyce, that the individual scenes will somehow connect themselves. The film has no inner life of its own. The best scene John Galsworthy's delivery of the long sermon on domesticity, succeeds because it is entirely self-contained and has a brilliant moment of the text.

Through the rest of the film, but its drive of fast Irish actors, they're never around long enough to reach us. At the center of it all is Bono Hynes, whose performance as Stephen is an emblem of gentlemanly manners for sensitivity. There is nothing here to signal the power of Barbara Jefford, whose passionate energy as Molly Bloom did much to hold the rugged shreds of Joyce's *Ulysses* together. Instead, as the film does so with its endless chat, its debates on sentences and sentences, we have nothing beyond blind faith to hold onto. That's far from a *Portrait*, a quick pencil sketch at best.

UNION SQUARE

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# Television

## What is ACTRA and why is it doing these terrible/wonderful things?

"ACTRA doesn't want anything on Canadian radio that isn't Canadian." —Maurice Fournier

"Wolfgang Puck is a brilliant chef. A man who does poultry and so we're supposed to be happy that the authors were Canadian." —Don Finkelman

"People who make their living in the business are being pushed around by politicians." —Denny Finkelman

Self-interest and union solidarity make frosty participants in the picket lines. Nevertheless, in this more important than the continuing saga of ACTRA's (Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists) skirmish with the CRTC over the use of imported talent. The two parties are still negotiating a union contract that has been rejected twice. May 31, 1976. The stakes are high. If ACTRA strikes, all CRTC radio and television programming across the country will be affected.

There are 5,300 professional directors, writers, producers, actors and actresses in the union. 3,000 of them earn less than \$1,000 per year. Each year at Maurice Fournier may be highly critical of their union in the public press, but within ACTRA they are no more than a membership of 115 of the 5,300 members take in terms of \$25,000. It is a union dominated by writers, directors and casual performers who believe the CRTC owes them, not foreign artists, a chance to display their talents. In addition, they don't accept industry money or working conditions in the form of back ACTRA's internal ideology and on radio stand against the CRTC.

In the middle of this quack of talent, opinion, and ambivalence is ACTRA president Don Finkelman. 58 years old, a shrewd, grey-haired, genial fellow, Finkelman is the only union leader for which he seems only modestly well liked. Many Toronto members feel he isn't reliable enough, and Finkelman, after five years in the chair, won't be running again in the November elections.

A man who is tough enough in ACTRA general secretary Paul Stein. A Finn from Thunder Bay, he is a professional organizer who learned the ropes in the United Auto Workers. In the 12 years he has worked at ACTRA, members have hated or loved him, particularly with the CRTC in the past 18 months.

March 1975 ACTRA refused a work permit for American actress Kathleen Wilkie to star in the CRTC drama *Shirley*.

December, 1976 ACTRA refuses work permits for Maggie Smith (British) for



President: If Canadian talent is to flower and grow, it must have its own garden

Mar Sugar Film. Ian Cook (British) for *The Great Escape* and American Melvyn Douglas and Nicholson Persoff for *The Making Of A President*.

May 31, 1977, in stated in the view of an ACTRA work boycott. Broadcasters Denny Finkelman who admits "I have no great doubts to the 12 years he has worked at ACTRA, members have hated or loved him, particularly with the CRTC in the past 18 months."

July 1977, the CRTC cancels a radio production of *Richard III* starring the Stron-

ford cast because ACTRA refuses to issue work permits to British stars Maggie Smith, Brian Bedford and Margaret Fyock.

September 1977 ACTRA refuses a work permit for Gay 90s singer Joan Morris (American) for *Greatest Performer* and instructs its 72 members to withdraw their services. Conclude Maurice Fournier who earns a reported \$250,000 a year and publicly denounces its action. The show is delayed and Fournier is summoned to appear before the discipline committee of ACTRA. A cabinet Fournier says "If they find me I deserve it." Still, he says, "The union is doing nothing for me."

What makes these struggles so fascinating is that both the CRTC and ACTRA want a strong Canadian industry. But each is committed to a different approach. ACTRA wants a closed shop so that Canadians can be more than hand models in imported stars. Their separate legal foreign talent is based on two facts: the United States has a quota system on Canadian talent and Commonwealth privileges have dropped now that Britain belongs to the European Economic Community. Sanford Wolf, Sorel's member of ACTRA (American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) agrees the situation is lower but says "We would be prepared to lower our barriers, but ACTRA isn't interested in free trade."

ACTRA also strikes the CRTC because it believes that Canadian performers and producers should be free to work with foreign performers if a suitable native cannot be found for the role. It is right that ACTRA can't win if it can't strike. The union demands might with cross picket lines, the CRTC could easily find its act with money and actors, and ACTRA has no money to support striking members. And every time the union refuses a work permit for a foreign performer and the CRTC responds by cancelling the production, directors of ACTRA members lose jobs. The union becomes fodder for editorial writers and ACTRA is inevitably accused for denying the Canadian public what it wants to see.

What ACTRA should be doing is lobbying the government for new funds for CRTC programming and for more stringent work ACTRA regulations when the new immigration. ACT comes into effect in April not indulging in partisan warfare system in last season of work and income. That would be a battle worth fighting and one that ACTRA, with the support of the CRTC, might win.

ANDREA NORTON

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# Books

## The Diefenbaker Version, Part III: how the 'bad guys' finally won

OPINION: THE TURNABOUT YEARS  
by John G. Diefenbaker  
(Montreal: Canada \$15.95)

I wasn't around for the birth of Waterloo as it some military ball's in full out over the century were down and the dexterity over there. I take him at his word. I was around, alas, for the Diefenbaker years and so this third volume of the former prime minister's memoirs is spoiled for me. It covers 1962-67, the years of his decline and removal from the Conservative leadership, but it covers them in a way that makes them totally unrecognizable. You could get the same effect by listening to Macdonald's mother describe him as a nice boy, but naive.

I don't know, for example, that the prime devastation of the 1962 election was "orchestrated for political reasons" by a combination of Gwynne Macdonald and John F. Kennedy. I don't know that Diefenbaker would have won that campaign, but for sheer unfairness, not that the 1962 election was fought over. The determination of the United States government to overthrow any government.

I find always thought that Diefenbaker was a curious loss of courage but a terrible leader, a populist politician but a disastrous administrator. I thought that he was denied a majority in 1962 because he had been an absolute prime minister, that he lost in 1962 because he couldn't hold his party together, and that anyone with a shrewd sense that Lester Pearson would have defeated him in 1962 is sense. It was wrong, "the lie was in," says Diefenbaker, from start to finish. A person was done in by "a conspiracy." "A cabal," "a clique" but to get him for an assumed unworthy reasons. The cabal included much of his own party, but his cabinet, most of the press and the entire United States of America, but why they all hated him God only knows.

This book is even more instructive than the first two volumes of Diefenbaker's memoirs for what it unconsciously reveals about the man. Like the Bonobos, he has learned nothing, and therefore nothing. After his pages of whining and back-sitting he can write, "I have no ill-feeling to those who, in the past, opposed me." It's just that Samson said when he was crying on the pines.

Today, Diefenbaker travels the head land underneath Joe Clark, he is admired Robert Stanfield, while complaining in his memoirs about the break who refused to give the party leader unwavering



obedience. Meanwhile

Diefenbaker apparently believes that the negotiation of Douglas Harkness, his Minister at Ottawa, was "not of prime importance." It may have been organized by issuing a Press Gallery dinner where he was "in a state of high exaltation." He believed that "leading Canadians" were flown to California to be "honeycombed" during the Boston Irish drive and that the defeat was determined, in part, by "an act of treason" conducted in the basement of the U.S. embassy. He believes that "powerful interests" in Canada turned against him because "most of it" "I was saying no to fight for all our rights."

Given the quality of this diatribe, it is hard to know just to make of some of the other claims set forth here, for example, Marcel Pinchault tried to hold him

up for \$300,000 as the price of becoming Quebec lieutenant, that Paul Mitchell, before becoming Governor General, tried to win a lifetime seat out of him, that George Mead had personal, sentimental reasons for resigning, that Diefenbaker intended to quit in March 1965, and an unnamed set nailed on him and made him change his mind. Is any of this true? If you can believe a man who says Hassan Ali, later a Liberal, was subsequently a Senator "on the left wing of the CCF's left wing," it is.

In short, going through Diefenbaker's *The Turnabout Years* is like reading about the Crime Murders from Captain Quigley's logbook, interesting in only, but history is not. **WALTON STEWART**

### A mastery of subject

ONE HALF OF PROHIBITION DIES  
by Robert Davis  
(Montreal: Canada \$10.95)

It was two years ago that I first met Robert Davis. The occasion was a gathering in a fine old Ontario house with thick ivy-climbing back to the lake and an 18th century barn. The evening had the presence of a solemn man with a sense that only memory would see him. The heavy holding of mental clouds seemed to end only for this evening. It is not a few months later when the Ontario government appropriated the estate for one of his hallowed experiments.

Among the distinguished guests (I was the person of Davis that national music-dance to note. Not that it was only to talk with him, he would have plenty to say.

Guided by his ancestor that we know him

one who tried, but then would return without comment to his own subject. His narrow voice was determined to impart truth in the unadorned. This was done with each page and with listening to Davis, I felt about him a little like a child's agonistic first about God: if he didn't exist he would have to be revealed in that baroque age. His new book *One Half Of Prohibition Dies* has much of this in it, but about it, I believe, considered thought and we have always been the best in a poem as the Davis library record. They have produced two novels (*Light Between*, *The Prohibition*, *World Of Madness*) but they are especially noted for the latter, which is a collection of speeches, poems and ghost stories. If the book looks a certain excitement it is only because Davis uses his writing to tell us what he already knows.

That since then from many periods, but somehow comes his work to the edge of reason that say, as Davis has when he struggles not merely to impart but to discover the truth. Still, as Davis points out "the familiar and basic things demand constant repetition in an age when the familiar and basic things seem so often not made as if we had confused them." This book is those of all involved people, excellence as

the art, because in language, decency as the conduct of human affairs. His concern, with both the thoughts and emotions current in this century. A sampling.

On social work "The underprivileged boys and I had no community of interest... They would not tell me what it was like to be in Reform School—which was what I wanted to know. I refused to tell them about the small, white, of upper-class women as which was what they wanted to know... It was a dead-end and the underprivileged boys and I parted with mutual ill will."

On language: "We have all met those exorbitant coherent people who insist on

that just have words. I would rather listen to somebody who loved language better than those themselves... People who just have words are all the time of the people who talk about 'meaningful' practices and spend a lot of time in 'marginal variables' whenever they set out upon an 'in-depth interview'."

Davis explains the choice of our time with a perspective on the future. Some may argue that he is a proponent of his own choice, but his emphasis on the work of C. Wright Mills is a tool of literary criticism, not a tool of any post-psychiatric game room of the Columbia College. Columbia discovered a coin-vent but did not succeed it was just.

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### The colors of battle

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY  
by Heather Robertson  
(London: Lerner \$10.95)

The elegiac at the beginning of this striking volume is from Yeats. All changed, changed utterly. A terrible beauty is born. The change, of course, was the bloodying of young Canadians in two world wars. This book (actually a critique to a touring exhibition of war art) takes 100 Canadian war paintings and drawings, many from the private collections of E. J. Hughes, Tim Minchin and (left) to the still, joy horror of Alex Colville's *Dead Women*. Brown to bring it home. Interpreted as rough ennobled men's killers, officers, elegant poetry and covered in remembrance often indirectly into but our delivery moving. The final effect is a poignant glimpse of what one bewildered soldier calls, "Hell with the lot of it."







## As Canadian as beaver pie

- 1 The Divine Nine, *Reich* (7)
- 2 All Things White And Wonderful, *Harjo!* (5)
- 3 The Book Of Links, *Wallace/Atkins / Wallace / Wallace* (1)
- 4 The Royal Screw Joke, *McIntyre-Silver* (1)
- 5 Looking Out For No. 10, *Koger* (2)
- 6 Dear Mr. Wallace,
- 7 Fast Forward, *Jones, Syer* (3)
- 8 Majesty, *Lacey* (1)
- 9 By Persons Unknown, *Jones / Atkins* (4)
- 10 Billingsby Taddy, *French / Tomcove, Andrew*  
(1) *Prerequisite: none*  
*Prerequisite: read the text of the*

[illegible]

On a good week, *the Force* will receive at least 300 letters—many mailed from the Deserovnev Armed Forces Base outside Toronto. Some letters complain about the show's occasionally tenuous inside-outside but most respond enthusiastically to the fact of impunity: the show has become known for Loud crashing. Truthfully, "Don't they teach you in a peep show at the RCMP academy?" blazes. "Yes sir, that's how they teach us!" ELIZABETH WARD

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## Some people think the West is winning, but they're wrong. It has already won

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There it was the other day, a great vulgar Colossal Fleetwood, half an old tanker or laugh and silver bullet in sailor and Albers in herme place, parked outside the Westcoast Transmission lower on Georgia Street in downtown Vancouver. It was, of course, parked west.

The little tableau was a perfect symbol of the new axis between these two way provinces, separated by silver-bellied snow on a seldom-in-snow-on-ice exhibits on anything. One of those days—say about two years hence—half of Tor-

onto is going to collapse in a popular heart when it realises what the decision to give the Alaska Highway pipeline route to the Fortitude group of Calgary is going to mean to the traditional power base of Canada. Toronto, in its assessment, is going to percent just how much money and down and left going to be revealed west. Instead of Bay Street and U.S. elites controlling the largest project in the history of the continent, it will be strictly western Canadians (just as of Exxon and Shell and Gulf and all those multinational you love to hate coming out the western side of the Canadian Arctic Gas consortium, it was left West's homegrown Pipeline Pipeline of Calgary and West-

coast Transmission of Vancouver. All say in any day you can detect the Chrysler in just above the head-on collision of the DFL's Nait Bur of the Calgary has Revenge, it's over.

It's the best ignored story in Canada. For one thing, it will be the last major dispute between the country's life lines that has been played, built and managed entirely by western Canadians. For another, it will be the most "Canadian" of the gas Canada projects. The John-Dunlop project was built by, as James Dunlop called it, "Texas business." The construction of the line would exactly what you'd call an indigenous Canadian project. The St. Lawrence Seaway was a joint U.S.-Canada endeavor. The James Bay Hydro project is being done by the government of Quebec, not with private money New York barely in the background. This pipeline will be the last project in Canada that will be run by western Canadians. The St. Lawrence Seaway was a joint U.S.-Canada endeavor. The James Bay Hydro project is being done by the government of Quebec, not with private money New York barely in the background. This pipeline will be the last project in Canada that will be run by western Canadians.

It does not seem to have noticed and it is hard to dismiss, if it knew, whether it would care. Vancouver came about very little—except those blossoms and sandals.

The Canadian Real Estate Association found this summer that the highest average price in house sales in the country was in Calgary, surpassing Toronto's trendy Mississauga, Ottawa and Vancouver's leafy Kerrisdale.

United States. One can check figures off the net like race participants to verify the case. Statistics Canada tells us that last year Alberta had a per capita gross provincial product of \$11,130, compared to \$9,150 for next-growth Ontario. If you want to get completely ridiculous, the Economic Council of Canada did a calculation for 1975 showing that Alberta produced more than twice as much as the rest of the world on a per capita basis—some \$2,000 higher per head than Sweden, the United States or Ontario.

On the financial Times' list of 100 most active stocks two years ago, 22 are Alberta-based.

To make things complete the province has the lowest income tax in Canada, the lowest property tax, and no sales tax. It is not only another BC, it is a new one. "Kawaii," "A little island of property," as our consultant put it to me. "In a world of tax-payers." Read it and weep—or more.

What else both ways is that the perception of what is happening in the West is a good 10 years behind the reality—western Canadians don't realize it, but they're in a bit, for example, the value of goods-producing industries in Ontario made up 40% of the Canadian total, the four western provinces 20%. By 1974, it had shifted to 40% from Ontario, 25% from the West. This year? One angle is anticipation, both for the future and for the West's new excuse for Western alienation. All you had to do was watch Premier Loughe's better than in announcing a personal visit and not against the CBC over The Tar Sands show. "I want to see them come out here to our courthouse from Toronto."

The western focus further. The other project—the Athabasca oil sands, the Cold Lake heavy oil deposits, the heavy oil deposits, are all designed to accommodate early refining in Alberta rather than in Ontario. In effect, a new manufacturing element in the producing role instead of the refining end. With increasing population, a market in secondary industry. Obviously, in the strategy, Alberta becomes "a western version of Ontario." (That's a quality! Not Alberta 20 years away competing with Ontario in consumer goods.)

They have high ambitions, these folks. A psychic from Toronto, what for?



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